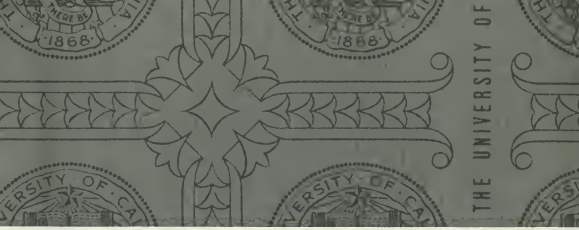

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THE

LITERARY
MISCELLANY:

or,

SELECTIONS & EXTRACTS,

classical and scientific;

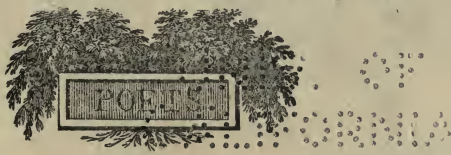
with

Originals,

in

PROSE AND VERSE.

Convinced, by the most strict observation, that the mind is embarassed by a thousand extrinsic difficulties, and sensible that a numerous library is the seat of the greatest extravagances and the most idle chimeras, we have made an election, by extracting the substance of numerous volumes, which we have included in small duodecimos; not unlike skilful chymists, who concentre the virtues of many plants in a small phial, and cast aside the refuse. Innumerable quantities of books are made; it is our business to collect the scattered and valuable parts. The ignorant babble eternally; the learned and sagacious speak little but *well.* *Mem. of the Year* 2500.



viz.

POPE, | GAY,

BLAIR.

Printed and sold by G. Nicholson, Poughnill, near Ludlow.
Sold also in London, by
H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-row; Champante & Whitrow, Aldgate; Lackington, Allen, & Co. Finsbury-square;
and all other Booksellers. 1801.

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You must not imagine that to write a verse, and conclude a rhyme, is to become a *poet*; but you must understand the nature of your subject thoroughly: and let your poem be ever so short, you must form a *design*, by which every verse shall depend on, and produce each other, which will form order and beauty. For, to make a number of verses, without any design, let them be ever so smooth and harmonious, is an undertaking of no value, and incapable of producing any thing great and noble: a blockhead, with a good ear, and a tolerable knowledge of the tongue, may do these, but nothing but a poet the other. A versifier and a poet are two very different things; the first is contemptible, and has been so above two thousand years; the latter honourable, in the opinion of men of sense and learning, in all ages and nations. From an "English Grammar," supposed to be written by Sir Richard Steele.

THE ELEGY, ODES,

AND OTHER SHORT POEMS OF

ALEX.r POPE ESQ.r

with his Life.

Published April 1807, by George Nicholson, Foughnill near Ludlow.

THE LIFE OF POPE.

Alexander Pope was born in London, May 22, 1688. His father, Alexander Pope, was a linen-draper, in the Strand, of a good family in Oxfordshire, and a distant relation of the Earl of Downe. His mother, Editha Turner, was the daughter of William Turner, esq., of York. They were both Roman Catholics. About the time of the Revolution, his father quitted his trade, and retired to Binfield in Windsor Forest, possessed of specie to the amount of twenty thousand pounds, which he put into a chest, and took from it to supply his wants. Being a catholic, he could not purchase land, and he had resolved not to lend it to the new government. When Pope came to the inheritance, the greatest part of the money was expended.

He was, from his birth, of a very delicate constitution, but discovered remarkable gentleness and sweetness of disposition. His voice, when young, was so pleasing that he was called, in fondness, "The little nightingale." He was taught to read, very early, by an aunt, and at the age of seven or eight discovered an eager desire for information and improvement. He learned to write by imitating and copying the Roman character of printed books, in which kind of writing he always excelled, tho' his ordinary hand was not elegant. At the age of eight he was placed in Hampshire, under Traverner, a Romish priest, who taught him the rudiments of Greek and

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Latin at the same time. "Ogilby's Homer," and "Sandy's Ovid," were his favourites and companions. Of the latter he has declared, in his notes to the *Iliad*, that English poetry owed much of it's beauty to his translations. From Traverner he was sent to a private school at Twyford, near Winchester, where he continued a year; whence, at about the age of ten, he was sent to another at Hyde-park-corner. At the two last schools he made little progress, of which he was so sensible that among his earliest pieces there is a satire on his master at Twyford. While at Hyde-park-corner, he was frequently taken to the play-house, and was so captivated with the drama, that he set to work in turning the principal parts of the "Iliad," into a kind of play, composed from Ogilby's translation, connected with verses of his own. He engaged his school-fellows to take parts in this play, and his master's gardener to act the part of Ajax.

At twelve years of age he was called home, and had, for a few months, the assistance of one Deane, another priest, of whom he learned only to construe a little of "Tully's Offices." Hitherto, he appears to have gained little in addition to his single year's acquirements under Traverner. From this time he became his own preceptor, and applied to reading the classics, especially the poets, with great assiduity and delight. The leading ambition of Pope was to become a poet. In this pursuit his father fortunately concurred, who proposed subjects, and enjoined repeated corrections and revisals. In perusing the poets of his own country, he soon distinguished Dryden, whose rich melody and correctness became his model. The smoothness of Pope's

numbers are, however, allowed to surpass his original. The earliest of his productions is the *Ode to Solitude*, written when he was twelve, which has been much admired for it's simplicity. In reading the classics, he undertook the business of translation, and at fourteen he produced a version of the first book of the *Thebaid* of Statius, which he afterwards revised and published. "Dryden's Fables" laid the temptation of reviving and imitating Chaucer's *January and May*, and the *Prologue of the Wife of Bath*, which he successfully put into modern English.

When our author was fifteen, he went to London to learn the French and Italian languages, which he soon acquired. He then returned to Binfield, and applied himself to composition. A comedy, a tragedy, an epic poem, entitled Alcander, in four books; and panegyrics on all the princes of Europe, were his productions. The subject of the comedy is not known. The tragedy was founded on the legend of St. Genevive. Most of his puerile productions were destroyed. The epic poem was burnt through the persuasion of Atterbury. About this time, it is said, that he translated "Tully on old Age," read much, and particularly distinguished "Temple's Essays," and "Locke on the Human Understanding;" but books were not the only means through which he acquired information; he early became acquainted with men of learning and talents, and improved by their conversation. From the age of sixteen, the life of Pope, as an author, may properly be computed, for he then wrote his *Pastorals*, which were printed in "Tonson's Miscellanies," the fame of which gained him the friendship of Sir William Trumball, and the acquaintance of Garth, Steele,

Gay, Addison, Congreve, Granville, Halifax, Somers, Walsh, Wycherly, Cromwell, and others; but he lost Wycherly by correcting his bad poetry, and Cromwell, by censuring his bad taste. Walsh was one of his first encouragers. He advised him to correctness, hitherto neglected by the English poets, and therefore an untrodden path to fame. This advice seemed to regulate his studies. Soon after the *Pastorals*, appeared the *Essay on Criticism*, which procured him a very high character. It was praised by Addison, attacked by Dennis, and commented on by Warburton. It has been translated into French by Hamilton, by Robotham, and by Resnel, and into Latin verse, by several writers, particularly by Smart and Dr. Kirkpatrick, author of a poem called "The Sea Piece." On this production Dr. Johnson remarks, that "had Pope written nothing else, it would have placed him among the first critics and the first poets, as it exhibits every mode of excellence which can embellish or dignify didactic composition; selection of matter, novelty of arrangement, justness of precept, splendour of illustration, and propriety of digression."

About the same time he undertook the *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*, at the desire of Steele. The *Messiah* was submitted to the perusal and correction of Steele, and then published in the "Spectator." The charming *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, was probably written about this time.

In 1712, he produced *The dying Christian to his Soul*, in imitation of the verses of Adrian, and the fragment of Sappho. It strongly resembles an ode of Flatman, of whom Pope was probably a reader, as he certainly was of Crashaw, Carew, Quarles, and

Herbert. The same year he published the *Rape of the Lock;* a poem universally allowed to be the most attractive of all ludicrous compositions. The means employed are, vigorous thought, brilliant fancy, poignant wit, forcible satire, and refined humour, most agreeably interwoven and diversified. The machinery is an ingenious expansion of that in "Shakespeare's Tempest," and the Rosicrucian dialogue of the Comte de Gabalis. About this time he also published the *Temple of Fame,* written two years before. "Every part of this piece," says Dr. Warton, "is allowed to be splendid; and abounds with the luxuriance of ornament. The original vision of Chaucer is much improved; the imagery is properly selected and learnedly displayed; yet, with all this comprehension of excellence, it never obtained much notice, and is seldom quoted or mentioned, with either praise or blame. He contributed nos. 404, 408, 409, and some other papers to the "Spectator;" to the "Guardian," the paper signed *Dick Distich,* a letter signed *Gnatho,* a a description of the gardens of Alcinous, and a very severe ironical criticism on "Philips's Pastorals." In 1713, he published *Windsor Forest,* of which the former part was written at sixteen, and the latter was added afterwards. It is dedicated to Lansdowne, who was then high in reputation and influence among the Tories. About this time, he wrote the scarcely to be equalled *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard;* in consequence of his perusal of "Prior's Nut-brown Maid." Pope had a strong inclination to unite the art of painting with that of poetry, and put himself under the tuition of Jervis, to whom, about this time, he addressed an encomi-

astic *Epistle*, with "Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy." A picture of Betterton, copied by Pope from Kneller, was in the possession of the Earl of Mansfield, at Caenwood. In 1713, when Pope was in his twenty-fifth year, desirous of reaping something more than barren laurels, he circulated proposals for publishing his translations of the *Iliad*, with notes, by subscription, in 6 vols. 4to, at the price of six guineas. Happily it was the age of poetic patronage; and the proposals were very favourably received. The number of the subscribers was 575, of the copies 654; and 660 only were printed. His contract with Bernard Lintot, the bookseller, was very advantageous. It was agreed that Pope should receive £200 for the copy-right of each volume, and that all the subscriptions and presentations to friends should be supplied at Lintot's expence, on condition of being entitled to the future profits. Pope, therefore, received £5320 4 0, without deduction.

In the prosecution of this translation, at first he found himself beset with difficulties, which retarded his progress; but practice increased his facility of versification, and he represents himself, as, in a short time, dispatching fifty lines each day. Johnson observes, that "It is not likely he overflowed with Greek; but Latin translations were always at hand, and from them he could obtain his author's sense with sufficient certainty." He had the poetic translations of Eobanus Hessus, the French Homers of La Valterie, and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. He appears to have consulted Chapman closely. Parnell contributed at least the Life of Homer, which Pope corrected; but it may be reasonably concluded he was under other literary

obligations to that writer. "My business," says Pope, in a letter to him, "depends entirely on you. The moment I left you, Eustathius, with nine thousand contractions of the Greek character arose to view! Spedanus, with all his auxiliaries, in number a thousand pages (value three shillings), and Dacier's three volumes; Barnes's two; Valterie's three; Cuperus, half in Greek; Leo Allatius, three parts in Greek; Scaliger; Macrobius; and, worse than them all, Aulus Gellius! All these rushed on my soul at once, and whelmed me under a fit of the head-ache. Dear sir, not only as you are a friend and a good-natured man, but as you are a christian and a divine, come back speedily, and prevent the increase of my sins; for at the rate I have begun to rave, I shall not only damn all poets and commentators, who have gone before, but be damned myself by all who come after me. In short, come down forthwith, tho' but for a day or two, or give me good reasons for delaying, by the next post. If I find them just, I will come up to you, tho' you know how precious my time is at present; my hours were never worth so much money before." Broome, it is believed, lent some assistance, at least, as a commentator. By our author's own diligence, and such help as kindness or money could procure, in little more than five years he completed an English *Iliad*, with notes. Halifax expected the dedication of this version; but Pope passed by peers and statesmen to inscribe it to Congreve. The original manuscript of the *Iliad*, written upon envelopes of letters, and accidental fragments of paper, was obtained by Bolingbroke as a curiosity; descended from him to Mallet; and is now, by the solicitation of Dr. Matty, deposited in the

Museum. The first volume of the *Iliad* was published in 1715, and a version of the first book by Tickell appeared the same year, which Pope suspected to be written by Addison, with an intention of injuring his fame and interest. In an advertisement prefixed by Tickell, he professes to have "no other view in publishing this small specimen of "Homer's Iliad," than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a translation of the "Odyssey," wherein he had already made some progress." Pope, however, was hurt beyond measure at this translation; and it is probable that the character of *Atticus* was written in the heat of his resentment on this occasion, as he expressed the very same sentiments to Mr. Craggs, in a letter of July 15, 1715. There is no evidence that Addison caused it to be published from envy and malice and with a design to injure Pope. However excusable Pope may be thought in writing the character of Atticus in the first transports of poetic indignation, he cannot be justified in suppressing it during the life of Addison, and after his death permitting it's publication; nor at the distance of eighteen years, transmitting it to posterity ingrafted in his *Epistle to Arbuthnot*. The inferior tribe of writers endeavoured to depreciate the *Iliad*. Dennis attacked it with his usual bitterness and scurillity; and, among others, Ducket and Burnet.

In 1715, he prevailed on his father, it is said, to sell the estate at Binfield, and purchase the house at Twickenham. Here he planted the vine and the quincunx, made grottos, and the decoration of this favourite retreat became the amusement of his declining years. In 1717, Pope collected his works into a 4to volume, to which he prefixed a

sprightly and elegant preface. In this year his father died suddenly, aged seventy-five. He is not known except by the character which his son has given him in his *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.* In 1720, Pope became infected with the general South-sea contagion, but fortunately sold out just in time to save himself from loss. Next year, he published the select poems of his friend Parnell.

In 1721, he produced an edition of *Shakespeare,* in 6 vols. 4to; for which Tonson demanded a subscription of six guineas. Pope was induced to this undertaking by a reward of £217 12 0. This work, however, did not contribute much to his reputation. Theobald, first in his "Shakespear restored," and then in a formal edition, detected his deficiencies with all the insolence of victory. In consequence, Pope became an enemy to editors, commentators, and verbal critics. About this time our author published proposals for a translation of the *Odyssey,* in 5 vols. 4to, for five guineas. The 1st, 4th, 19th, and 20th books were translated by Fenton; the 2d, 6th, 8th, 11th, 12th, 16th, 18th, and 23d books, by Broome; but Pope revised their versions. Broome also wrote the notes. The agreement with Lintot was the same as for the *Iliad,* except that he was to receive but £100 for each volume. The subscribers were 574, and the copies 819; so that Pope's profit, after he had paid Fenton £300 and Broome £600, was still very considerable. Thus his translation of Homer produced him a fortune of nearly £10,000; the largest sum, perhaps, that any poet ever acquired. Spence wrote a criticism on the English *Odyssey,* which was esteemed impartial, judicious and candid. The translation of Homer is, un-

doubtedly not the work of a scholar or versifier merely, but a treasure of poetical elegancies. The publication of this work should be considered as one of the great events in the annals of learning; it may be said to have tuned the English tongue; for since it's appearance, no writer, however deficient in other powers, has wanted melody. It has been objected, that this version is not Homeric; it is truly Pope's Homer, because it exhibits no resemblance of the original and characteristic manner of the Father of Poetry; wanting his awful simplicity, his artless grandeur, his unaffected majesty. This cannot be denied. Pope has undoubtedly introduced many uncharacteristic Ovidian graces; but it may be urged that Pope wrote for his own age and nation; he considered it was necessary to colour the images and paint the sentiments of his author; he therefore in making him graceful, obliterated some of his sublimity. In 1723, he appeared before the Lords, at the trial of Atterbury, to give an account of the Bishop's domestic life and private employment, that it might appear how little time he had left for planning or executing plots. He had but a few words to speak, and in those few he made several blunders. Pope's letters to Atterbury, both before and after his misfortune, are full of esteem, gratitude, and tenderness. He often visited him in the Tower. At their last interview Atterbury presented him with a Bible.

In 1726, Voltaire, being in England, was introduced to Pope, and wrote him a letter of consolation, on his being overturned in passing a river, in the night, in Bolingbroke's coach, with the windows closed, from which the postillion snatched him, when he was in danger of being drowned, by breaking the

glass: the fragments, however, cut two of Pope's fingers in such a manner that he lost their use.

In 1727, Swift visited England, and joined with Pope in printing three volumes of *Miscellanies*. The pieces which Pope contributed are the *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*, *Strading versus Styles*, *Virgilius Restauratus*, *the Basset-table*, and the *Art of sinking in Poetry*. The year following he published the *Dunciad*. In this petulant and malignant poem, Pope has degraded himself, by bestowing on scribbling calumniators even the notice of resentment; and by satirizing others who were not generally slanderous, and had not calumniated him. This piece, notwithstanding, is allowed to be one of his greatest and most elaborate performances; but it abounds in allusions to persons and events, which could, perhaps, with difficulty be understood at the time it was written, and therefore must necessarily become more obscure and uninteresting as those persons grow less remembered, and those events grow more remote.

In 1731, he published an *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington, on Taste*. The next year he lost his friend Gay; a most amiable man, whom he loved with great tenderness. The following year deprived him of his mother, who lived to the age of ninety-three. "His filial piety," Dr. Johnson observes, "was, in the highest degree, amiable and exemplary; his parents had the happiness of living till he had attained the summit of his poetic reputation, till he was at ease in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame; and they found no diminution of his respect and tenderness. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient; whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle." About this time,

Curll published the surreptitious copy of *Letters between Pope and his Friends;* which were clandestinely conveyed to him for publication, it is believed, by Pope's direction, in order that he might have a good pretence for publishing them himself. The messenger was Worsdale the painter. From a perusal of these *Letters*, Mr. Allen conceived the desire of becoming acquainted with Pope; to whom our author communicated his purpose of asserting his property by a genuine edition; the expense of which Mr. Allen offered to pay. Pope, however, did not accept this proposal, but solicited a subscription for a 4to volume, which appeared in 1737. In 1733, he published his first epistle of the *Essay on Man*, without his name, which being favourably received, the second and third epistles were soon after published. Being generally suspected of writing them, in 1734, he avowed the fourth. The fame of his *Essay on Man* was very great; it was translated into French prose, and afterwards, by Resnel, into verse. Crousaz, a professor in Switzerland, maintained that the positions of Pope were intended to represent the whole course of things as a chain of fatality. Warburton undertook his defence in "The Republic of Letters," in which he discovered great ingenuity, but is not allowed to have completely removed Crousaz's objections. From this time Pope became attached to, and lived in the closest intimacy with, his commentator, and amply rewarded his kindness and zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Murray, afterwards, Lord Mansfield (by whose interest he became preacher at Lincoln's Inn), and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his niece and his estate.

In 1733, he published the *Epistle to Lord Bathurst,*

on the Use of Riches; wherein he has drawn the celebrated character of Kyrl, the *Man of Ross*.

In 1734, he inscribed to Lord Cobham his *Characters of Men*, in which he endeavours to establish and exemplify his favourite theory of the ruling passion. He soon after added an *Epistle on the Characters of Women;* supposed to have been addressed to Martha Blount, to whom, during the greatest part of his life, he had been very much attached. The character of the Dutchess of Marlborough, under the name of Atossa, was afterwards inserted with no great honour to his gratitude. Between 1730 and 1740, he published, from time to time, his *Imitations of Horace.* His *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, was published in January 1735, about a month only before the death of his friend. "It is to be regretted," says Dr. Johnson, "that either honour or pleasure should have been missed by Arbuthnot; a man estimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety; a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate the mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar, with great brilliance of wit; a wit, who in the crowd of life retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal." In this epistle Pope vindicates himself from censures, and with dignity rather than arrogance, enforces his own claims to kindness and respect. In the character of Sporus he ridicules Lord Hervey, who had written an invective against him. In 1738 Pope published two satirical dialogues, named from the year. In the first he degraded himself, by descending to party politics; in the second he attacked several priv-

ate characters, which had nearly exposed him to the resentment of the legislature. Between 1738 and 1742, he published *Martin Scriblerus; Latin Poems of the Italians*, 2 vols. 12mo; and *A Revival of Donne's Satyrs*. Pope attacked Cibber with great severity; who wrote a spirited pamphlet, containing several stories tending to make Pope ridiculous. Cibber had exploded a scene of the mummy and crocodile in the *Three Hours after Marriage*, supposed to be the joint production of Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, which he imagined gave rise to Pope's incessant and unappeasable malignity. Pope planned a work as subsequent to his *Essay on Man*, of which he gives the following account to Swift, in a letter dated March 25, 1736. "If ever I write any more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you, I have long concerted, and begun it; but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large and will divide into four Epistles, viz. 1, Of the Extent and Limits of human Reason and Science. 2, A view of the useful, and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful, and therefore unattainable, Arts. 3, Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use of different Capacities. 4, Of the Use of Learning, of the Sciences, of the World, and of Wit. It will conclude with a Satire against the Misapplication of all these, exemplified by Pictures, Characters, and Examples." A decline of the powers of life prevented the execution and completion of this work; but from the materials he had provided, he added another book to the *Dunciad*. From this time disease became oppressive, and his vital

powers were quickly declining; he therefore wrote nothing new, but rested satisfied with revising his former works, in which he received the assistance of Warburton, and adopted his advice with the blindness of infatuated affection. In 1743, he began to experience symptoms of approaching dissolution. Pope had, for at least five years, been afflicted with an asthma, and other disorders, which his physicians were unable to relieve. While he continued capable of amusement and conversation, his literary friends were almost continually with him, endeavouring to divert or alleviate his pain; but his favourite, Martha Blount, is said to have neglected him, during his decline, with shameful unkindness. Pope, however, appeared insensible of her behaviour, as he left her the greatest part of his property. "Their acquaintance," says Dr. Johnson, "began early; the life of each was pictured in the other's mind; their conversation therefore was endearing, for when they met there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions. Perhaps he considered her unwillingness to approach the bed of sickness as female weakness, or human frailty; perhaps he was conscious to himself of peevishness and impatience, or, tho' he was offended by her inattention, yet might consider her merit as overbalancing her fault; and, if he had suffered his heart to be alienated from her, he could have found nothing that might fill her place; he could have only shrunk within himself; it was too late to transfer his confidence or fondness." On the 6th of May, 1744, he became delirious, and afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain. He said, that his greatest inconvenience arose from an inability to think. He received the

sacrament from a Romish priest, and expressed undoubted confidence in a future state. He died on the evening of the 30th day of May, 1744, in perfect tranquillity; having a few days before, entered the 57th year of his age. He was buried at Twickenham near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to his memory, by his friend Warburton. By his will, made at the end of 1743, he appointed Lord Bathurst, Lord Marchmont, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Arbuthnot, his executors, and left the care of his papers to Lord Bolingbroke; and to Warburton, the property of all his works, on which he had written, or should write commentaries, except those of which the property had been sold. To his friends of rank he left his pictures, statues, and some of his favourite books. He bequeathed legacies to his friends in humbler stations, and to his favourite domestics. The residue of his fortune he left to Martha Blount, for her life, and afterwards to be divided among his relations. The contemptuous mention of Mr. Allen in his will, with an affected repayment of his benefactions with £150, brought some reproach on Pope's memory. This action originated in female influence. Mrs. Blount had been invited with Pope to Mr. Allen's house at Priorpark. Pope having occasion to go to Bristol for a few days, left her behind him. In his absence she expressed a desire to have the use of Mr. Allen's chariot to go to the Roman catholic chapel at Bath; but Mr. Allen being at that time mayor of the city, he suggested the impropriety of having his carriage seen at the door of a place of worship, to which as a magistrate, he was at least restrained from giving a sanction, and therefore desired to be excused. Mrs.

Blount resented this refusal, and so infected Pope with her rage, on his return, that they left the house abruptly. Mrs. Blount carried her irreconcileable dislike to such an extent that she refused any legacy from Pope, unless he left the world with a disavowal of obligation to Mr. Allen. Pope complied with her demand, and polluted his will with female resentment. Mr. Allen accepted the legacy, but disposed of it as a benefaction to the hospital at Bath.

Pope lost the favour of Bolingbroke by a kind of posthumous offence. He had been desired by Bolingbroke to procure the impression of a few copies of the "Patriot King;" and he assured him that no more copies had been printed than he allowed; but, after Pope's death, the printer resigned a complete edition of 1500 copies to the right owner, which Pope had ordered him to print and retain in secret. Bolingbroke delivered the whole impression to the flames, and employed Mallet to expose this breach of trust to the public. Warburton undertook, not indeed to vindicate, but to extenuate the action, by an apology. To this apology an answer was written in "A Letter to the most impudent Man living."

The works of Pope were published in 9 vols. 8vo, 1751, with a commentary and notes by Warburton. Another edition appeared in 5 vols. 4to, 1769, with an account of his life, and observations on his writings, by Owen Ruffhead, esq. In 1794 an edition was announced, and the first volume, in 8vo, published, by Gilbert Wakefield. In 1796 appeared "Observations on Pope," by the same author, 8vo, in which he declared a determination finally to resign the office of editor to Dr. Wharton, who had also announced an edition of Pope's Works.

Dr. Wharton's edition appeared in 1797, with notes and illustrations, in 9 vols. 8vo; and soon afterwards, a new edition, with notes, of the translation of "The Iliad and the Odyssey of Homer," by Gilbert Wakefield, in 11 vols. 8vo." The person of Pope was diminutive and misshapen. In the "Guardian," he compares himself to a spider, and is said to have been protuberent behind and before. His stature was so low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. But his face was sweet and animated, and his eyes remarkably intelligent and piercing. One side was contracted. He wore a fur doublet under a shirt of coarse linen with fine sleeves. When he rose he was invested in boddice made of stiff canvas, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pairs of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without assistance. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean. The feebleness of his frame induced sickliness and impatience. These causes made him a troublesome guest in the families which he visited. He was perpetually sending the servants on frivolous errands, but took care to compensate their trouble by pecuniary rewards. He expected that every thing should give way to his ease and humour. When inclined to sleep he nodded in company, and once slumbered at his own table, while the prince of Wales was talking of poetry. In familiar or sprightly conversation he was not distinguished by vivacity. In his eating he was both dainty and voracious. When he had eaten too

much, if a dram had been offered to him, he pretended to be angry, but did not forbear to drink it. It does not appear that he was addicted to wine. His impatience and irritability often led him into little quarrels. At Lord Oxford's he frequently met Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who, knowing his peevishness, could by no intreaties be restrained from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened to such asperity, that one or other quitted the house. At home he was remarked for his frugality. It is said that he ordered on the table no more than the proportion of a single pint of wine for two guests. Yet he sometimes gave a splendid entertainment; and at those times exhibited taste and magnificence. Of his fortune, which was very honourably obtained, he appeared proud. The great topic of his ridicule was poverty. He is accused of loving money; but his love had more in it of solicitude to gain, than of anxiety to retain, wealth. He assisted Dodsley with a hundred pounds, that he might be enabled to open a shop; contributed twenty pounds a year to the subscription for Savage; and bestowed considerable sums in charity. Of the intellectual character of Pope, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense, a prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. His genius was considerable, his mind active, ambitious, and adventurous; always investigating, always aspiring. He had a fertile invention and brilliant wit. To assist these powers, he possessed great strength and exactness of memory which readily supplied abundance of materials. Those qualities he improved by indefatigable industry. His whole life, and nearly every hour of it, in sickness and in health, was de-

voted, with unremitting diligence, to the cultivation of that one art in which he had determined to excel. Poetry was the employment of his life. Many others have been unavoidably immersed in business, in war, in politics, and diverted from their favourite bias and pursuits. Of Pope it might truly and solely be said, *Verses amat, hoc studet unum.* His whole thoughts, time, and talents were spent on his works. He gradually became one of the most correct, even, and exact poets that ever wrote, and finished his pieces with force and spirit; and with a patience, care, and assiduity that no avocation interrupted. We find that the largest portion of his works are of the didactic, moral, and satiric kind, and consequently not of the most poetic species of verse. There is nothing, for instance, to be found in so sublime a style as the "Bard" of Gray. Whatever poetic enthusiasm he actually possessed, he withheld and suppressed. The perusal of Pope affects not our minds with such strong emotions as we feel from Homer and Milton. Hence he is a writer fit for universal perusal, and of general utility; adapted to all ages, and all stations; for the old and for the young; the man of business and the scholar. His language is clear, forcible, and elegant, enriched with figures, which at once illustrate, inform, and impress. He used always the same fabric of verse. Of this uniformity the certain consequence was readiness and dexterity. By perpetual practice, language had in his mind a systematic arrangement; having always the same use for words, he had them so selected and combined as to be ready at his call.

After having contemplated, with admiration, such rare abilities, such unabated industry, and such success in their application, one reflection presses on the

mind; namely, that perfection is unattainable. After an employment of great force and activity of mind for the space of forty years, some abatements are to be made as to the uniform correctness and finishing attributed to our author's lines. The uncommon splendour of diction in some parts, and the wonderful energy and compression in others, are not seldom contrasted by extraordinary flatness and negligence; and if Pope had no better title to his elevated rank among poets than the mere evenness of a polished strain, it would be the voice of prejudice, and not the decision of judgment, if a superiority were assigned to him over many writers of later times. It is that truly poetic faculty of raising and adorning a subject by splendid imagery, and by the exquisite charms of language, in his best pieces, operating on the mind like enchantment, which places Pope at an unmeasured distance above mere correct and elegant versifiers. Dr. Johnson has drawn a parallel between Pope and his ensample Dryden, with great ability. "In acquired knowledge," says he, "the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by a comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope. Poetry was not the sole praise of either, for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessors. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied: that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dry-

den observes the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller. Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more, for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by some domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore be higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze be brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it; Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight."

Ruffhead—Johnson,—Wharton,—Mon. Rev.

PASTORALS.

THE FIRST. SPRING: OR, DAMON.

To Sir William Trumbal.

First in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
fair Thames! flow gently from thy sacred spring,
while on thy banks Sicilian muses sing;
let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
and Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for power,
enjoy the glory to be great no more,
and carrying with you all the world can boast,
to all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
so when the nightingale to rest removes,
the thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
but charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
and all the aërial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the muse,
pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
the dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

Daph. Hear how the birds on every bloomy spray
with joyous music wake the dawning day!
why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
when warbling Philomel salutes the spring?

why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
and lavish Nature paints the purple year?

Streph. Sing then, & Damon shall attend the strain,
while yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I 'll stake yon lamb that near the fountain plays,
and from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

Daph. And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
and swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
four figures rising from the work appear,
the various seasons of the rolling year;
and what is that which binds the radiant sky,
where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

Dam. Then sing by turns, by turns the muses sing,
now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring;
now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground;
begin, the vales shall every note rebound.

Streph. Inspire me, Phœbus! in my Delia's praise,
with Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays:
a milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
that threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

Daph. O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
and make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
no lambs or sheep for victims I 'll impart,
thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

Streph. Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
but feigns a laugh to see me search around,
and by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
she runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
while a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
how much at variance are her feet and eyes!

Streph. O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
and trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
blest Thames's shores the brighest beauties yield,
feed here my lambs, I 'll seek no distant field.

Daph. Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:
if Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor's shade.

Strep. All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flowers;
if Delia smile the flowers begin to spring,
the skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

Daph. All nature laughs, the groves are fresh & fair,
the sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
if Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
and vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

Streph. In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
at morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
but Delia always; absent from her sight,
nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

Daph. Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
more bright than noon, yet fresh as early day:
e'en spring displeases, when she shines not here;
but bless'd with her, 't is spring throughout the year.

Streph. Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears
a wond'rous tree, that sacred Monarchs bears?
tell me but this, and I 'll disclaim the prize,
and give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

Daph. Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
the thistle springs, to which the lily yields:
and then a nobler prize I will resign;
for Sylvia, charming Sylvia shall be thine.

Dam. Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
the bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.

Blest swains, whose nymphs in every grace excel;
blest nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise and haste to yonder woodbine bowers,
a soft retreat from sudden vernal showers;
the turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
while op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around:
for see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
and from the Pleiads fruitful showers descend.

THE SECOND. SUMMER: OR, ALEXIS.

To Dr. Garth.

A Shepherd's boy (he seeks no better name)
led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
and verdant alders form'd a quivering shade.
Soft at he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
the flocks around a dumb compassion show,
the naïads wept in every wat'ry bower,
and Jove consented in a silent shower.

Accept, O Garth! the Muse's early lays,
that adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
from love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
to you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,
the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
they parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.

Spenser's Epithalamion

The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
while in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
Where stray, ye muses! in what lawn or grove,
while your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
in those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
fresh rising blushes paint the watry glass;
but since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in every herb that grew,
and every plant that drinks the morning dew;
ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
to cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other swains attend the rural care,
feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer:
but nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
he said, Alexis, take this pipe, the same
that taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
but now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
for ever silent, since despised by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming power
the captive bird that sings within thy bower!
then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
and I those kisses he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
the nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring!
each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
on you their gifts are all bestow'd again.

For you the swains the fairest flowers design,
and in one garland all their beauties join;
accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
in whom all beauties are compris'd in one.

See what delight in sylvan scenes appear?
descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
and chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
when swains from sheering seek their nightly bowers;
when weary reapers quit the sultry field,
and, crown'd with corn, their banks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
but in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
but your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
the mossy fountains and the green retreats!
where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade:
where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
and all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
invoke the muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,
and winds shall waft it to the powers above.
But would you sing and rival Orpheus' strain,
the wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
the moving mountains hear the powerful call,
and headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
the lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
to closer shades the panting flocks remove!
ye gods! and is there no relief for love?

But soon the sun with milder rays descends
to the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
on me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
by night he scorches, as he burns by day.

THE THIRD. AUTUMN: OR, HYLAS & ÆGON.

To Mr. Wycherley.

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;
this mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
and Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring,
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
the art of Terence and Menander's fire;
whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms,
O, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of swains,
their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
and fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
when tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
to Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
and with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
or her, the feather'd quires neglect their song;

for her the limes their pleasing shades deny;
for her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flowers, that droop, forsaken by the spring,
ye birds, that, left by summer, cease to sing,
ye trees, that fade when autumn-heats remove,
say, is not absence death to those who love?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay:
fade every blossom, wither every tree,
die every flower, and perish all but she.
What have I said? Where'er my Delia flies,
let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise!
let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
and liquid amber drop from every thorn.

Go, gentle gales and bear my sighs along!
the birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
the winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
and streams to murmur, e'er I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye Powers, what pleasing phrenzy soothes my mind!
do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes! Now cease my lay,
and cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;
rehearse, ye muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound ye hills, resound my mournful strain;
of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:

here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:
while lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
in their loose traces from the field retreat:
while curling smokes from village-tops are seen,
and the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day:
oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
while she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
the garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
so dies her love, and so my hopes decay.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
and grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
now blushing berries paint the yellow grove:
just gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
the shepherds cry, 'Thy flocks are left a prey.'
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep?
Pan came and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but her's, alas, have power to move!
and is there magic but what dwells in love!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains;
from shepherds, flocks, and plains I may remove,
forsake mankind, and all the world,—but Love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed,
thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
one leap from yonder cliffs shall end my pains,
no more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!
Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
the skies yet blushing with departing light,
when falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
and the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.

THE FOURTH. WINTER: OR DAPHNE.

To the Memory of Mrs. Tempest.

Lycidas. Thyrsis! the music of that murm'ring spring
is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
nor rivers winding through the vales below,
so sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
the moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
while silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
O sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

Thyr. Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
that call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
and bade his willows learn the moving song.

Lyc. So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
and swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
and said, 'Ye shepherds sing around my grave!'
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
and with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

Thyr. Ye gentle muses, leave your crystal spring;
let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring:
ye weeping loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
and break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
and with your golden darts, now useless grown,
inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
'Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore,
fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!'

'T is done; and nature's various charms decay,
see gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!
now hung with pearls the drooping trees appear,
their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
with her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah! what avails the beauties nature wore?
fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
the thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
the silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
in notes more sad than when they sing their own;
in hollow caves sweet echo silent lies,
silent, or only to her name replies;
her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
nor morning odours from the flowers arise;
no rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store:
fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
shall, list'ning in mid air, suspend their wings;

no more the birds shall imitate her lays,
or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
no more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
a sweeter music than their own to hear,
but tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
and told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
the trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
the silver flood, so lately calm, appears
swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
the winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief, our glory, now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high,
above the clouds, above the starry sky!
eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
there while you rest in aramanthine bowers,
or from those meads select unfading flowers,
behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne our goddess, and your grief no more!

Lyc. How all things listen while thy muse complains!
such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
in some still ev'ning when the whisp'ring breeze
pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess! oft a lamb shall bleed,
if teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flowers their odours give,
thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

Thyr. But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse:
sharp Boreas blows, and nature feels decay,
time conquers all, and we must time obey.

Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves;
adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves;
adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell! and all the world, adieu!

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The unfortunate lady here celebrated, is said, by Ruffhead, to have been a woman of eminent rank and large fortune. She was under the guardianship of an uncle, who, on discovering her attachment to a young gentleman of inferior fortune, sent her abroad to break off the correspondence. Her lover, however, took care to repeat his vows; but his letters were intercepted, and carried to her guardian, who directed her to be watched with still greater vigilance; till of this restraint she grew so impatient, that she bribed a servant to procure her a sword, which she directed to her heart.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. li. p. 314, it is asserted, that the lady's name was Withinbury; that she was in love with Pope, and would have married him; that her guardian, tho' she was deformed in person, looked on such a match as beneath her, and sent her to a convent, where she put an end to her life. How far this account is true cannot be determined.

What beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light shade
invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
to bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
to act a lover's, or a Roman's part?
is there no bright reversion in the sky,
for those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye Powers! her soul aspire
above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
the glorious fault of angels and of gods:

thence to their images on earth it flows,
and in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 't is true, but peep out once an age,
dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep;
and, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these, perhaps (e'er Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky:
as into air the purer spirits flow,
and separate from their kindred dregs below;
so flew the soul to it's congenial place,
nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
see on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
these cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
cold is that breast which warm'd the world before;
and those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
on all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
and frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
there passengers shall stand, and, pointing, say,
(while the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo! these were they whose souls the furies steel'd,
and curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
the gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
so perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
for other's good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?

no friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
by foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
by foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
by foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
by strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
and bear about the mockery of woe,
to midnight dances, and the public show?
What tho' no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
and the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
there shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
there the first roses of the year shall blow;
while angels with their silver wings o'ershade
the ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
what once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
to whom related, or by whom begot:
a heap of dust alone remains of thee;
't is all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
E'en he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
and the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
life's idle bus'ness at one gasp be o'er,
the muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE

to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of

CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
to raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
to make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
for this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
commanding tears to stream through every age;
tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
and foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
the hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
in pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
and wild Ambition well deserves it's woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
such tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
he bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
and calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
what Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:
no common object to your sight displays,
but what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
a brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
and greatly falling with a falling State.
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
what bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
the spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,

ignobly vain, and impotently great,
show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
as her dead Father's reverend image past,
the pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
the triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from every eye;
the world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
and honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons! attend: be worth like this approv'd,
and shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd:
your scene precariously subsists too long
on French translation and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
such plays alone should win a British ear,
as Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE,

in Imitation of Virgil's Pollio.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretel the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, tho' without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
to heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
the dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
delight no more. O thou my voice inspire
who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
from * Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
th' ætherial Spirit o'er it's leaves shall move,
and on it's top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye † heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
and in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The ‡ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
from storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

* Isai. ix. *v.* 1. † *Ch.* xiv. *v.* 8. ‡ *Ch.* xxv. *v.* 4.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
returning * Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
and white-rob'd Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
oh spring to light, auspicious Babe! be born.
See Nature hastes her earliest wreathes to bring,
with all the incense of the breathing spring:
see † lofty Lebanon his head advance,
see nodding forests on the mountains dance:
see spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
and Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
prepare the way! ‡ a God, a God appears!
a God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
the rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise:
with heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
be smooth ye rocks; ye rapid floods give way!
the Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
hear ¶ him, ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!
he from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
and on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
and bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
the dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
and leap, exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
from every face he wipes off every tear.
In ‖ adamantine chains shall death be bound,
and hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

* *Ch.* ix. *v.* 7. † *Ch.* xxxv. *v.* 2. ‡ *Ch.* xl. *v.* 3, 4. ¶ *Ch.* xliii. *v.* 18. and *Ch.* xxxv. *v.* 5, 6. ‖ *Ch.* xxv. *v.* 8.

As the good * shepherd tends his fleecy care,
seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
by day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
the tender lambs he raises in his arms,
feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
the promis'd † father of the future age.
No more shall ‡ nation against nation rise,
nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
the brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
but useless lances into scythes shall bend,
and the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful ¶ Son
shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
and the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren || deserts with surprise
sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
and starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
new falls of water murm'ring in his ear,
on rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
the green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy ** vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
the spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
to leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
and od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The †† lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
and boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;

* *Ch.* xl. *v.* 11. † *Ch.* ix. *v.* 6. ‡ *Ch.* ii. *v.* 4. ¶ *Ch.* lxv. 21, 22. || *Ch.* xxxv. *v.* 1—7. ** *Ch.* xli. *v.* 19; and *ch.* lv. *v.* 13. †† *Ch.* xi. *v.* 6, 7, 8.

the steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
and harmless * serpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
the smiling infant in his hand shall take
the crested basilisk and speckled snake,
pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
and with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial † Salem, rise!
exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long ‡ race thy spacious courts adorn;
see future sons and daughters yet unborn,
in crouding ranks on every side arise,
demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous ¶ nations at thy gates attend,
walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
see thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
and heap'd with products of || Sabæan springs!
for thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
and seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heaven it's sparkling portals wide display,
and break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the ** rising sun shall gild the morn,
nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
but lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
one tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
o'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The †† seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
but fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

* *Ch.* lxv. *v.* 25. † *Ch.* lx. *v.* 1. ‡ *Ch.* lx. *v.* 4. ¶ *Ch.* lx. *v.* 3. || *Ch.* lx. *v.* 6.
** *Ch.* lx. *v.* 19, 20. †† *Ch.* li. *v.* 6; and *ch.* liv. *v.* 10.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Deo. opt. Max.

Father of all! in every age,
in every clime ador'd,
by saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood!
who all my sense confin'd
to know but this, that thou art good,
and that myself am blind:

yet gave me, in this dark estate,
to see the good from ill:
and binding nature fast in fate,
left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
or warns me not to do,
this, teach me more than hell to shun,
that, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
let me not cast away;
for God is paid when man receives:
't enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
thy Goodness let me bound,
or think thee Lord alone of man,
when thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
presume thy bolts to throw,
and deal damnation round the land
on each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
still in the right to stay;
if I am wrong, oh teach my heart
to find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
or impious discontent,
at aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
to hide the fault I see;
that mercy I to others shew,
that mercy shew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot:
all else beneath the sun
thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
and let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
whose altar earth, sea, skies!
one chorus let all being raise!
all nature's incense rise!

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing;
the breathing instruments inspire,
wake into voice each silent string,
and sweep the sounding lyre!
in a sadly-pleasing strain,
let the warbling lute complain;
let the loud trumpet sound,
till the roofs all around
the shrill echoes rebound;
while in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
the deep majestic solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
gently steal upon the ear;
now louder, and yet louder rise,
and fill with spreading sounds the skies.
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
in broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
till, by degrees, remote and small,
the strains decay,
and melt away,
in a dying, dying fall.
By Music, minds an equal temper know,
nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
or when the soul is press'd with cares,
exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,

Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
list'ning Envy drops her snakes;
intestine war no more our Passions wage,
and giddy Factions bear away their rage.

But when our Country's cause provokes to arms,
how martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
high on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
while Argo saw her kindred trees
descend from Pelion to the main:
transported demi-gods stood round,
and men grew heroes at the sound,
inflam'd with glory's charms:
each chief his seven-fold shield display'd,
and half unsheath'd the shining blade;
and seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
to arms, to arms, to arms!

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the poet led
to the pale nations of the dead,
what sounds were heard,
what scenes appear'd,
o'er all the dreary coasts!
dreadful gleams,
dismal screams,
fires that glow,
shrieks of woe,
sullen moans,
hollow groans,
and cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
and, see! the tortur'd ghosts respire;

see, shady forms advance!
thy stone, O Sysiphus! stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
and the pale spectres dance;
the Furies sink upon their iron beds,
and snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
by the fragrant winds that blow
o'er the Elysian flowers;
by those happy souls who dwell
in yellow meads of Asphodel,
or amaranthine bowers;
by the heroes armed shades,
glitt'ring through the gloomy glades;
by the youths that dy'd for love,
wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
restore, restore Eurydice to life;
oh take the husband, or return the wife!
He sung, and Hell consented
to hear the Poet's prayer:
stern Proserpine relented,
and gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
o'er death, and o'er hell,
a conquest how hard and how glorious!
tho' fate had fast bound her,
with Styx nine times round her,
yet Music and Love were victorious.

But soon, too soon the lover turns his eyes;
again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
no crime was thine, if 't is no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,

beside the falls of fountains,
or where Hebrus wanders,
rolling in meanders,
all alone,
unheard, unknown,
he makes his moan!
and calls her ghost,
for ever, ever, ever, lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
despairing, confounded,
he trembles, he glows,
amidst Rhodope's snows:
see, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries
ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
and Fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
and make despair and madness please:
our joys below it can improve,
and antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
and to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire.
th' immortal powers incline their ear;
borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
while solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
and angels lean from heaven to hear.

Of Orpheus, now no more, let poets tell:
to bright Cecilia greater power is given:
his numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
her's lift the soul to heaven.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Written when the author was about twelve years old.

Happy the man whose wish and care
a few paternal acres bound,
content to breathe his native air,
in his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
whose flocks supply him with attire,
whose trees in summer yield him shade,
in winter fire.

Bless'd, who can unconcern'dly find
hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
in health of body, peace of mind,
quiet by day,

sound sleep by night; study and ease,
together mix'd; sweet recreation;
and innocence, which most does please
with meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
thus unlamented let me die;
steal from the world, and not a stone
tell where I lie.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

An Ode.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease fond nature! cease thy strife,
and let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
steals my senses, shuts my sight,
drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
with sounds seraphic ring;
lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

EPISTLE TO ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD AND LORD MORTIMER.

Sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's poems, published by our author after the said Earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

Such were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung,
till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
with softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
bless'd in each science! bless'd in every strain!
dear to the muse! to Harley dear—in vain!

For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
for Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
the sober follies of the wise and great;
dext'rous the craving, fawning, croud to quit,
and pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(a sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
recal those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
who, careless now of int'rest, fame, or fate,
perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure if aught below the seats divine
can touch immortals, 't is a soul like thine;
a soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
the rage of power, the blast of public breath,
the lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made,
the Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
't is her's the brave man's latest steps to trace,
rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When Interest calls off all her sneaking train,
and all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain,
she waits, or to the scaffold or the cell,
when the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now she shades thy ev'ning walk with bays;
(no hireling she, no prostitute to praise).
ev'n now observant of the parting ray,
eyes the calm sunset of thy various day;
through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.

EPISTLE TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

Secretary of State, 1720.

A soul as full of worth as void of pride,
which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
which nor to guilt nor fear it's caution owes,
and boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
that darts severe upon a rising lie,
and strikes a blush through frontless flattery.
All this thou wert; and being this before,
know kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
but candid, free, sincere, as you began,
proceed—a minister, but still a man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
asham'd of any friend, not ev'n of me:

the patriot's plain but untrod path pursue;
if not, 't is I must be asham'd of you.

EPISTLE TO MR. JERVAS,

with Mr. Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy's "Art of Painting."

This verse be thine, my Friend! nor thou refuse
this from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
where life awakes, and dawns at every line,
or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
and from the canvas call the mimic face;
read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire;
and reading wish, like their's, our fate and fame;
so mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name.
Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
so just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister arts we came,
and met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
like friendly colours found them both unite,
and each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
while summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away!
how oft our slowly-growing works impart,
while images reflect from art to art!
how oft review, each finding, like a friend,
something to blame, and something to commend!

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!

* This Epistle, and the two following were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.

together o'er the Alps, methinks we fly,
fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.
With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
with thee repose where Tully once was laid,
or seek some ruin's formidable shade.
While Fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
and builds imaginary Rome anew,
here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye,
a fading fresco here demands a sigh:
each heavenly piece unweary'd we compare,
match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's strength, Corregio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
this small well-polish'd gem, the work of years!*
yet still how faint by precept is express'd
the living image in the painter's breast?
thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
an angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
those tears eternal that embalm the dead;
call round her tomb each object of desire,
each purer frame inform'd with purer fire;
bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
the tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife;
bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
then view this marble, and be vain no more?

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage,
her modest cheek shall warm a future age.

* Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his poem.

Beauty, frail flower! that every season fears,
blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
and other beauties envy Worsley's eyes;
each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
and soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh! lasting as those colours may they shine!
free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
new graces yearly like thy works display,
soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
led by some rule that guides, but not constrains,
and finish'd more through happiness than pains:
the kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
one dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
and breathe an air divine on every face;
yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
strong as their charms and gentle as their soul:
with Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
and these be sung till Granville's Myra die:
alas! how little from the grave we claim!
thou but preserv'st a face and I a name.

EPISTLE TO MISS BLOUNT,
with the Works of Voiture, 1717.

In these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
and all the writer lives in every line;
his easy art may happy nature seem;
trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
who without flattery pleas'd the fair and great;
still with esteem no less convers'd than read;

with wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
his heart, his mistress, and his friend did share,
his time the Muse, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
cheerful he play'd the trifle, life, away;
till fate scarce felt his gentle breath supprest,
as smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
and the gay mourn'd, who never mourn'd before;
the truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs;
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
the Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death,
but that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
a long, exact, and serious comedy;
in every scene some moral let it teach,
and, if it can, at once both please and preach:
let mine an innocent gay farce appear,
and more diverting still than regular;
have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
tho' not too strictly bound to time and place.
Critics in wit or life are hard to please;
few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your sex are by their forms confin'd,
severe to all, but most to womankind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
by nature yielding, stubborn but for fame,
made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
but sets up one, a greater, in their place:
well might you wish for change by those accurst;
but the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suff'ring sex remains,

or bound in formal or in real chains:
whole years neglected for some months ador'd,
the fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah! quit not the free innocence of life
for the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
nor let false shows nor empty titles please:
aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,
gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders' mares,
the shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
and, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,
a vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!
pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;
she sighs, and is no dutchess at her heart.

But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and you
are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too,
trust not too much your now resistless charms,
those age or sickness, soon or late, disarms;
good humour only teaches charms to last,
still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.
Love rais'd on beauty will like that decay,
our hearts may bear it's slender chain a day,
as flowery bands in wantonness are worn,
a morning's pleasure, and at ev'ning torn;
this binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
the willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's early care * still shone the same,
and Montausier was only chang'd in name:
by this ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.
Now crown'd with myrtle on the Elysian coast,
amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost;

* Mademoiselle Paulet.

pleas'd while with smiles his happy lines you view,
and finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his Muse;
the brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
and dead, as living, 't is our author's pride
still to charm those who charm the world beside.

EPISTLE TO THE SAME,

on her leaving the Town after the Coronation, 1715.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
drags from the town to wholesome country air,
just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
and hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh,
from the dear man unwilling she must sever,
yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever;
thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent;
she sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
she went from opera, park, assembly, play,
to morning walks, and prayers three hours a-day:
to part her time, 'twixt reading and bohea,
to muse and spill her solitary tea,
or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
up to her godly garret after seven,
there starve and pray, for that's the way to heaven.

Some 'squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
whose game is Whist, whose treat a toast in sack;
who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
then gives a smacking buss, and cries—no words!
or with his hounds comes hallowing from the stable,
makes love with nods and knees beneath a table;
whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests be coarse,
and loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
you dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
in pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
see coronations rise on every green:
before you pass th' imaginary sights
of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
while the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes,
then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
and leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
so when your slave, at some dear idle time,
(not plagu'd with headachs or the want of rhyme)
stands in the streets abstracted from the crew,
and while he seems to study, thinks of you;
just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder and you vanish quite,
streets, chairs, and coxcombs rush upon my sight:
vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

EPISTLE TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

Author of the celebrated Worm-powder.

How much, egregious Moore! are we
deceiv'd by shows and forms!
whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
all humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
vile reptile, weak and vain!
a while he crawls upon the earth,
then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,
e'er since our grandam's evil;
she first convers'd with her own kind,
that ancient worm the Devil.

The learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
the blockhead is a Slow-worm;
the nymph whose tail is all on flame
is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
that flutter for a day;
first from a worm they take their rise,
and in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows;
thus worms suit all conditions;
misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaux,
and death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
by all their winding play;
their conscience is a worm within
that gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
and greater gain would rise,
if thou couldst make the courtier void
the worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
who sett'st our entrails free;
vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
some few short years, no more!
ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn,
who maggots were before.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

"Un jour, dit un auteur," &c.

Once (says an author, where I need not say)
two trav'llers found an oyster in their way:
both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
while, scale in hand, dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful right,
takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
There, take (says Justice), take you each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
't was a fat oyster—live in peace—adieu!

EPIGRAM.

Engraved on the collar of a dog, which I gave to his Royal Highness.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew:
pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

A FRAGMENT.

What are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
the morning bowers, the evening colonnades,
but soft recesses for th' uneasy mind
to sigh unheard in, to the passing wind!
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd art,
lies down to die (the arrow in his heart);
there hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

EPITAPHS.

On Charles Earl of Dorset, in the Church of Withyam, in Sussex.

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride,
patron of arts, and judge of nature, dy'd;
the scourge of pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,
of fops in learning, and of knaves in state;
yet soft his nature, tho' severe his lay,
his anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Bless'd satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
as show'd vice had his hate and pity too.
Bless'd courtier! who could king and country please,
yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease.
Bless'd peer! his great forefathers' every grace
reflecting, and reflected in his race;
where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets, shine,
and patriots still, or poets deck the line.

On Sir William Trumball,

one of the principal Secretaries of State to King William III; who having resigned his place, died in his retirement at Easthamstead in Berkshire, 1716.

A pleasing form, a firm yet cautious mind,
sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet resign'd:
honour unchang'd, a principle profest,
fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest:
an honest courtier, yet a patriot too,
just to his prince, and to his country true:
fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
a scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;

a gen'rous faith, from superstition free,
a love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
such this man was, who now, from earth remov'd,
at length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

On the Hon. Simon Harcourt,

only son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, at the church of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
or gave his father grief but when he died.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
if Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh! let thy once lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
and with a father's sorrows mix his own!

On James Craggs, esq., in Westminster Abbey.

Stateman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
in action faithful, and in honour clear!
who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
ennobl'd by himself, by all approv'd,
prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd.

Intended for Mr. Rowe, in Westminster Abbey.

Thy relicks, Rowe! to this fair urn we trust,
and sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
to which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
bless'd in thy genius in thy love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
what a whole thankless land to his denies.

On Mrs. Corbet, who died of a cancer in her breast.

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
bless'd with plain reason and with sober sense:
no conquest she but o'er herself desir'd,
no arts assay'd but not to be admir'd.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
so firm yet soft, so strong yet so refin'd,
Heaven, as it's purest gold, by tortures try'd,
the saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

On the Monument of the Hon. Robert Digby, and of his sister Mary,

erected by their father the Lord Digby, in the church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
of modest wisdom and pacific truth:
compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
good without noise, without pretention great:
just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
of softest manners, unaffected mind,
lover of peace, and friend of human-kind!
go live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine;
go, and exalt thy moral to divine.

And thou, bless'd maid! attendant on his dome,
pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
and, still we share your joys, forgive our grief:

these little rites, a stone, a verse, receive;
't is all a father, all a friend, can give!

On Sir Godfrey Kneller, in Westminster Abbey, 1723.

Kneller by Heaven, and not a master, taught,
whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;
now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
lies crown'd with princes, honours, poet's lays,
due to his merit and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

On General Henry Withers, in Westminster Abbey, 1729.

Here, Withers! rest; thou bravest, gentlest mind,
thy country's friend, but more of human-kind.
Oh born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
for thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
and the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers! adieu; yet not with thee remove
thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
still leave some ancient virtues to our age;
nor let us say (those English glories gone)
the last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

On Mr. Elijah Fenton, at Easthamsted, in Berks, 1730.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
may truly say, Here lies an honest man;
a poet bless'd beyond the poet's fate,
whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great;
foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
content with science in the vale of peace.

Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
from Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he died.

On Mr. Gay, in Westminster Abbey, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
in wit a man, simplicity a child:
with native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
above temptation in a low estate,
and uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
a safe companion, and an easy friend,
unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
but that the worthy and the good shall say,
striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

Intended for Sir Isaac Newton, in Westminster Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS:
Quem Immortalem
testantur tempus, natura, cœlum:
mortalem,
hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, let Newton be! and all was light.

On Dr. Francis Atterbury Bishop of Rochester, who died in exile at Paris, 1732,

[his only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

She.

Yes, we have liv'd one pang, and then we part!

may Heaven, dear father! now have all thy heart.
Yet, ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
till you are dust like me.

He.

Dear shade! I will:
then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
yes—"save my country, Heaven"—he said, and died.

On Edmund Duke of Buckingham, who died in the nineteenth year of his age, 1735.

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
and every op'ning virtue blooming round,
could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
or add one patriot to a sinking state,
this weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
or sadly told how many hopes lie here!
the living virtue now had shone approv'd;
the senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honours and less noisy fame
attend the shade of gentle Buckingham,
in whom a race for courage fam'd and art,
ends in the milder merit of the heart;
and chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
pays the last tribute of a saint to heaven.

For one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey.

Heroes and kings! your distance keep;
in peace let one poor poet sleep,
who never flatter'd folks like you:
let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

Another on the same.

Under this marble, or under this sill,
or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not, a pin
what they said, or may say, of the mortal within;
but who, living and dying, serene still and free,
trusts in God that as well as he was he shall be.

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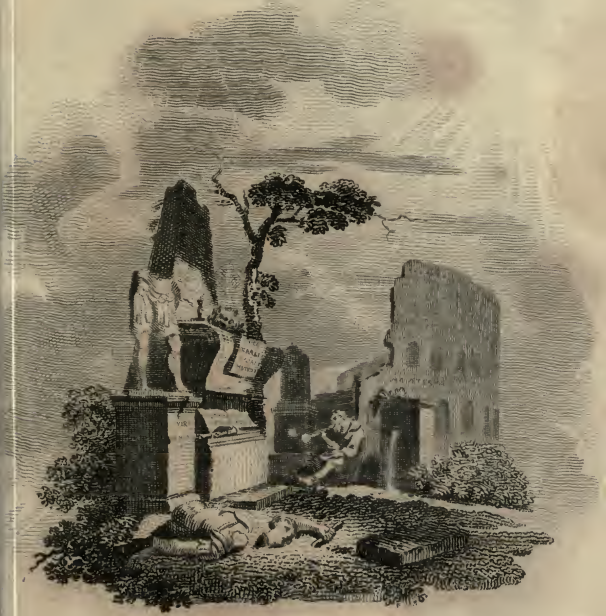
AN

ESSAY ON MAN.

BY ALEX: POPE, ESQ.



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THE DESIGN.

Having proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) "come home to men's business and bosoms," I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract—his nature and his state; since to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of it's being. The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all on these last; and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate, yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect, system of Ethics. This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that

principles, maxims, or precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards; the other may seem odd, but it is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail without becoming dry and tedious, or more poetically without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity. What is now published is only to be considered as a general map of man, marking out to more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow; consequently these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage: to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects may be a task more agreeable.

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

IN FOUR EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to the Universe.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of man in the abstract. I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, v. 17, &c. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeably to the general order of things, and conformably to ends and relations to him unknown, v. 35, &c. III. That it is partly on his ignorance of future events, and partly on the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, v. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations, v. 113, &c. V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, v. 137, &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against providence, while, on the one hand, he demands the perfections of the angels; and on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes, tho' to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, v. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, v. 207. VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, v. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, v. 259. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to providence, both as to our present and future state, v. 281, &c. to the end.

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
to low ambition and the pride of kings,

Let us (since life can little more supply
than just to look about us and to die)
expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
a mighty maze! but not without a plan;
a wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;
or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
try what the open, what the covert yield;
the latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore,
of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
and catch the manners living as they rise;
laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
but vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first of God above or man below,
what can we reason but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
from which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'tis our's to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
see worlds on worlds compose one universe,
observe how system into system runs,
what other planets circle other suns,
what vary'd being peoples every star,
may tell why heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings, and the ties,
the strong connections, nice dependencies,
gradations just; has thy pervading soul
look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
and drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,
why form'd so weak, so little and so blind?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less.
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
or ask of yonder argent fields above,
why JOVE's satellites are less than JOVE?

Of systems possible, if 't is confest
that wisdom infinite must form the best,
where all must full or not coherent be,
and all that rises, rise in due degree;
then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 't is plain,
there must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
and all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
nay, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
a thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
in God's one single can it's end produce;
yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown;
touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
't is but a part we see, and not the whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
his fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
when the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
is now a victim, and now Ægypt's god:
then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
his actions', passions', being's, use and end;
why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
this hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man 's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
say rather man 's as perfect as he ought;

his knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
his time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
what matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so
as who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
all but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
from brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last he crops the flow'ry food,
and licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
that each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven;
who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
a hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
and now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
but gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
man never is, but always *to be* blest:
the soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
his soul, proud science never taught to stray,
far as the solar walk or milky way;
yet simple nature to his hope has given
behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;

some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
where slaves once more their native land behold,
no fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be content 's his natural desire,
he asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
but thinks, admitted to that equal sky.
his faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
weigh thy opinions against providence;
call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
say, here he gives too little, there too much;
destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
yet cry, if man 's unhappy, God 's unjust;
if man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
alone made perfect here, immortal there:
snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
all quit their sphere and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
and who but wishes to invert the laws
of ORDER, sins against the eternal cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
earth for whose use? Pride answers, ' 'T is for mine.
For me kind nature wakes her genial power,
suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flower;
annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
the juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
for me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
for me, health gushes from a thousand springs;

seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
my footstool earth, my canopy the skies.'
But errs not nature from this gracious end,
from burning suns when livid deaths descend,
when earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
'No ('t is reply'd), the first Almighty Cause
acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
the exceptions few; some change since all began;
and what created perfect?—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
then nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires:
as much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
as men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not heaven's design,
why then a Borgia or a Cataline?
Who knows but he whose hand the lightning forms,
who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;
pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
account for moral, as for natural things:
why charge we heaven in those, in these acquit?
in both, to reason right is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
were there all harmony, all virtue here;
that never air or ocean felt the wind;
that never passion discompos'd the mind.
But ALL subsists by elemental strife;
and passions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral ORDER since the whole began,
is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? now upward will he soar,
and little less than angel, would be more;
now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
to want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use, all creatures, if he call,
say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion kind,
the proper organs proper powers assign'd;
each seeming want compensated of course,
here with degrees of swiftness, there of force:
all in exact proportion to the state;
nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in it's own;
is heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
be pleas'd with nothing, if not pleas'd with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
is not to act or think beyond mankind;
no powers of body or of soul to share,
but what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
t' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
to smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
and stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
how would he wish that heaven had left him still
the whisp'ring zeyhyr and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
the scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
from the green myriads in the peopled grass:
what modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
the mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam!
of smell, the headlong lioness between,
and hound sagacious on the tainted green!
of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
to that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
in the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
from pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew!
how instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier!
for ever separate, yet for ever near!
remembrance and reflection how ally'd!
what thin partitions sense from thought divide!
and middle natures, how they long to join,
yet never pass the insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdu'd by thee alone,
is not thy reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See through this air, this ocean, & this earth,
all matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go!
around how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
no glass can reach; from infinite to thee;

from thee to nothing. On superior powers
were we to press, inferior might on our's:
or in the full creation leave a void,
where, one step broken, the great scale 's destroy'd:
from nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
alike essential to th' amazing whole,
the least confusion but in one, not all
that system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth, unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
and nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
vile worm!—ah madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
what if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
to serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
just as absurd for any part to claim
to be another, in this gen'ral frame:
just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
the great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
whose body nature is, and God the soul;
that chang'd through all, and yet in all the same:
great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;
warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
lives through all life, extends through all extent,
spreads undivided, operates unspent;

breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
as full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
as full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
as the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
to him no high, no low, no great, no small;
he fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name
our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit. In this, or any other sphere,
secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
all chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
all discord, harmony not understood;
all partial evil, universal good:
and, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
one truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to himself as an Individual.

THE ARGUMENT.

I. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature; his powers and frailties, v. 1, &c. The limits of his capacity, v. 19, &c. II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary, v. 53, &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, v. 67, &c. Their end the same, v. 81, &c. III. The passions, and their use, v. 93, &c. The predominant passion, and it's force, v. 131 to 160. It's necessity in directing men to different purposes, v. 165, &c. It's providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, v. 175: IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident. What is the office of reason, v. 203, to 216. V

How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, v. 217, &c. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, v. 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, v. 241, &c. How useful they are to society, v. 251, &c.; And to individuals, v. 163. In every state, and every stage of life, v. 271, &c.

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
the proper study of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
a being darkly wise, and rudely great:
with too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
with too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
he hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
in doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
in doubt his mind or body to prefer;
born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
alike in ignorance, his reason such,
whether he thinks too little or too much;
chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
created half to rise and half to fall;
great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;
the glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides;
go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
correct old Time, and regulate the sun;
go, soar with Plato, to th' empyreal sphere,
to the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
and quitting sense call imitating God:
as eastern priests in giddy circles run,
and turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule,

then drop into thyself, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they saw
a mortal man unfold all nature's law,
admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
and shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an ape.
Could he whose rules the rapid comet bind,
describe or fix one movement of his mind?
who saw it's fires here rise, and there descend,
explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas! what wonder! man's superior part
uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
but when his own great work is but begun,
what Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.
Trace Science, then, with Modesty thy guide;
first strip off all her equipage of pride;
deduct what is but vanity or dress,
or learning's luxury, or idleness;
or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
of all our vices have created arts;
then see how little the remaining sum,
which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!
II. Two principles in human nature reign;
self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain;
nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
each works it's end to move or govern all:
and to their proper operation still
ascribe all good to their improper ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
and, but for this, were active to no end:
fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,

to draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
active it's task, it prompts, impels, inspires:
sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as it's object's nigh:
Reason 's at distance, and in prospect lie:
that sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
at best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit, and experience gains;
each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
more studious to divide than to unite;
and grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
with all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
but greedy that, it's object would devour,
this taste the honey, and not wound the flower:
pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call:
't is real good, or seeming, moves them all:
but since not every good we can divide,
and reason bids us for our own provide;
passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,

list under reason, and deserve her care:
those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.
In lazy apathy let stoics boast
their virtue fix'd; 't is fix'd as in a frost;
contracted all, retiring to the breast;
but strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
the rising tempest puts in act the soul,
parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
reason the card, but passion is the gale;
nor God alone in the still calm we find,
he mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.
Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
these, 't is enough to temper and employ;
but what composes man can man destroy?
suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
these mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
make and maintain the balance of the mind:
the lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
gives all the strength and colour of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
and when, in act, they cease, in prospect rise:
present to grasp, and future still to find,
the whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms but charm not all alike;
on diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
as strong or weak the organs of the frame;
and hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,

like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
receives the lurking principle of death;
the young disease, that must subdue at length,
grows with his growth, & strengthens with his strength:
so, cast and mingled with his very frame,
the mind's disease it's RULING PASSION came;
each vital humour which should feed the whole,
soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
whatever warms the heart or fills the head,
as the mind opens, and it's functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
and pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature it's mother, Habit is it's nurse;
wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
reason itself but gives it edge and power;
as heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,
in this weak queen some fav'rite still obey;
ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
what can she more than tell us we are fools?
teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
a sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
or from a judge turn pleader to persuade
the choice we make, or justify it made;
proud of an easy conquest all along,
she but removes weak passions for the strong.
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
the doctor fancies he has driven them out.
Yes, nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
't is her's to rectify, not overthrow,
and treat this passion more as friend than foe:
a mightier Power the strong direction sends,

and sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends:
like varying winds, by other passions tost,
this drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
through life 't is follow'd, e'en at life's expense;
the merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
the monk's humility, the hero's pride,
all, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
grafts on this passion our best principle:
't is thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
strong grows the virtue with his Nature mix'd;
the dross cements what else were too refin'd,
and in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
on savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
the surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
wild nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
from spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
e'en av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd
is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
envy, to which th' ignoble mind 's a slave,
is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
but what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
the virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:
reason the bias turns to good from ill,
and Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,

in Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
the same ambition can destroy or save,
and makes a patriot as it makes a knave

IV. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
what shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
in man they join to some mysterious use;
tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
as, in some well-wrought picture light and shade,
and oft so mix, the difference is too nice
where ends the virtue or begins the vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
that vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
a thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
't is to mistake them costs the time and pain.

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
as, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
yet seen too oft familiar with her face,
we first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
ask where 's the north? at York, 't is on the Tweed;
in Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
at Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
but thinks his neighbour farther gone then he;
e'en those who dwell beneath it's very zone,
or never feel the rage, or never own;
what happier natures shrink at with affright,
the hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
few in th' extreme, but all in the degree:
the rogue and fool, by fits are fair and wise;

and e'en the best, by fits, what they despise.
'T is but by parts we follow good or ill;
for, vice or virtue, Self directs it still;
each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
but HEAVEN's great view is one, and that the whole.
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
that disappoints th' effects of every vice;
that, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
to kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
that virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
and build on wants, and on defects of mind,
the joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
a master, or a servant, or a friend,
bids each on other for assistance call,
till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
the common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
yet from the same we learn, in it's decline,
those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
to welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
the fool is happy that he knows no more;
the rich is happy in the plenty given,
the poor contents him with the care of heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,

hero, lunatic a king;
..ving chemist in his golden views
remely blest, the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
and pride bestow'd on all a common friend:
see some fit passion every age supply,
Hope travels through nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
a little louder but as empty quite;
scarfs, garters, gold amuse his riper stage,
and beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays,
those painted clouds that beautify our days;
each want of happiness by Hope supply'd,
and each vacuity of sense by Pride:
these build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
in Folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy;
one prospect lost, another still we gain;
and not a vanity is given in vain;
e'en mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
the scale to measure other's wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
't is this, tho' man 's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.

THE ARGUMENT.

1. The whole universe one system of society. v. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another v. 27. The happiness of ani-

mals mutual, v. 49. I. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, v. 79. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, v. 99. III. How far society carried by instinct, v. 109. How much farther by reason, v. 128. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature, v. 147. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, v. 169. And in the forms of society, v. 181. V. Origin of political societies, v. 199. Origin of monarchy, v. 210. Patriarchal government. v. 212. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle of love, v. 215, &c. Origin of superstition and tyranny from the same principle of fear, v. 241, &c. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good, v. 269. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, v. 283. Mixed government, v. 289. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, v. 303, &c.

Here then we rest: "The Universal Cause
acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
the train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
let this great truth be present night and day,
but most be present if we preach or pray.

I. Look round our world, behold the chain of love
combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
the single atoms each to other tend,
attract, attracted to, the next in place
form'd and impell'd it's neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endu'd,
press to one centre still, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
see life dissolving vegetate again:
all forms that perish other forms supply,
(by turns we catch the vital breath and die)
like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
they rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign: parts relate to whole;
one all-extending, all-preserving Soul
connects each being, greatest with the least;
made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;

all serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
the chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
for him as kindly spreads the flowery lawn:
is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
the birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.
The hog that plows not nor obeys thy call,
lives on the labours of this lord of all.
Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
the fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
and just as short of reason he must fall,
who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak controul;
be man the wit, and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
and helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon stooping from above,
smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
to beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods.

For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
for more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
all feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
th' extensive blessing of his luxury,
that very life his learned hunger craves,
he saves from famine, from the savage saves;
nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
and, till he ends the being, makes it blest;
which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!

To each unthinking being, Heaven a friend,
gives not the useless knowledge of it's end:
to man imparts it; but with such a view
as, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too;
the hour conceal'd and so remote the fear,
death still draws nearer never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd
it's only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
know, all enjoy that power which suits them best;
to bliss alike by that direction tend,
and find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,
what Pope or Council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
stays till we call, and then not often near;
but honest instinct comes a volunteer,
sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
while still too wide or short is human wit;
sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
which heavier Reason labours at in vain.

Thist too, serves always, reason never long;
one must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers
one in their nature, which are two in our's;
and reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
in this 't is God directs, in that 't is man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
to shun their poison, and to choose their food?
prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
hav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
it's proper bliss, and sets it's proper bounds;
but as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
on mutual wants built mutual happiness:
so from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
and creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
the vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
each loves itself, but not itself alone,
each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
they love themselves a third time in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
the mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;

the young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
there stops the instinct and there ends the care:
the link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands;
that longer care contracts more lasting bands:
reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
at once extend the int'rest, and the love;
with choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
each virtue in each passion takes it's turn;
and still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
that graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
these natural love maintain'd, habitual those:
the last scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
saw helpless him from whom their life began:
mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,
that pointed back to youth, this on to age;
while pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly
the state of nature was the reign of God: [trod;
self-love and social at her birth began,
union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
the same his table, and the same his bed;
no murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
all vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
the shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heaven's attribute was Universal Care,
and man's prerogative to rule, but spare.

Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
who foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
and every death it's own avenger breeds;
and fury-passions from that blood began,
and turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man.
See him from nature rising slow to art!
to copy instinct then was reason's part;
thus then to man the voice of Nature spake—
'Go, from the creatures thy instuctions take:
learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
thy arts of building from the bee receive;
learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
learn of the little nautilus to sail,
spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
and hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind:
here subterranean works and cities see;
there towns aërial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
the ants' republic, and the realm of bees;
how those in common all their wealth bestow,
and anarchy without confusion know;
and these for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
entangle Justice in her net of law,
and right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.

Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
and for those arts mere instinct could afford,
be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd.'

V. Great Nature spoke; observant man obey'd;
cities were built, societies were made:
here rose one little state; another near
grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
and there the streams in purer rills descend?
what War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
and he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
when love was liberty and nature law.
Thus states were form'd; the name of king unknown,
till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.
'T was VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
diffusing blessings, or averting harms),
the same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
a prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch
king, priest, and parent, of his growing state;
on him, their second Providence, they hung,
their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man:
then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
one great First Father, and that first ador'd:
or plain tradition, that this All begun,
convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;

the Worker from the work distinct was known,
and simple Reason never sought but one.
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
to virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,
and own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then,
for Nature knew no right divine in men;
no ill could fear in God; and understood
a sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran;
that was but love of God, and this of man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
th' enormous faith of many made for one;
that proud exception to all Nature's laws,
t' invert the world, and counterwork it's cause?
force first made conquest, and that conquest law;
till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
and gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made:
she, midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
when rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
she taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
to power unseen, and mightier far than they;
she, from the rending earth and bursting skies
saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods;
gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
and, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide;

and hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' etherial vault no more;
altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
then first the Flamen tasted living food;
next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
with Heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
and play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives Self-love, through just, and through unjust,
to one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:
the same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
of what restrains him, government and laws.
For what one likes, if others like as well,
what serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what sleeping or awake
a weaker may surprise, a stronger take;
his safety must his liberty restrain:
all join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
e'en kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
and found the private in the public good.

'T was then, the studious head or gen'rous mind,
follow'r of God or friend of human-kind,
poet or patriot, rose but to restore
the faith and moral, Nature gave before;
relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
if not God's image, yet his shadow drew;
taught power's due use to people and to kings;
taught nor to slack, nor strain it's tender strings,
the less or greater, set so justly true,
that touching one must strike the other too;
till jarring int'rests of themselves create
th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs

from order, union, full consent of things:
where small and great, where weak and mighty made
to serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
more powerful each as needful to the rest,
and in proportion as it blesses, blest;
draw to one point, and to one centre bring
beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest;
whate'er is best administer'd is best:
for modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
his cann't be wrong whose life is in the right:
in faith and hope the world will disagree,
but all mankind's concern is charity:
all must be false that thwart this one great end;
and, all of God, that bless mankind or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
the strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis, as the planets run,
yet make at once their circle round the sun:
so two consistent motions act the soul;
and one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
and bade self-love and social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Happiness.

THE ARGUMENT.

I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered, v. 19 to 26. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, v. 29. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, v. 35. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, v. 49. But, notwithstanding that inequality,

the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear, v. 67. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage, v. 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, v. 93. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, v. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, v. 131, &c. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue, v. 167. That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in Riches, v. 185. Honours, v. 193. Nobility, v. 205. Greatness, v. 217. Fame, v. 237. Superior talents v. 259. With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, v. 269, &c. That virtue only constitutes happiness, whose object is universal and whose prospect is eternal, v. 309, &c. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, v. 327, &c.

Oh HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
that something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
for which we bear to live, or dare to die;
which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
o'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
we ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere;
't is no where to be found, or every where:
't is never to be bought, but always free,
and fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
I. Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind;
this bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;

some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
those call it pleasure and contentment these;
some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
some swell'd to gods, confess e'en virtue vain!
or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
to trust in every thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
than this, that happiness is happiness?

II. Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
all states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
there needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
and mourn our various portions as we please
equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
and makes what happiness we justly call,
subsist, not in the good of one, but all.

There 's not a blessing individuals find,
but some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
no bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
no cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfy'd:
who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
abstract what others feel, what others think,
all pleasures sicken, and all glories sink;
each has his share; and who would more obtain,
shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
more rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
that such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
if all are equal in their happiness:

but mutual wants this happiness increase;
all nature's diff'rence keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
bliss is the same in subject or in king,
in who obtain defence, or who defend,
in him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
one common blessing as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
and each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness were meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
and these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
but Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
while those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
but future views of better or of worse.

O sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
by mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
and buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

III. Know, all the good that individuals find,
or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
and peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
but these less taste them as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?
of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
which meets contempt, or which compassion first?

Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
't is but what virtue flies from and disdains:
and grant the bad what happiness they would,
one they must want, which is to pass for good.
O blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
for ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just!
See god-like TURENNE prostrate on the dust!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or comtempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heaven ne'er gave,
lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
when nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all physical or moral ill?
there deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
or partial ill is universal good,
or change admits, or Nature lets it fall;
short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain,
that righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
as that the virtuous son is ill at ease
when his lewd father gave the dire disease.
IV. Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal
prone for his fav'rites, to reverse his laws? [Cause,

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
forget to thunder, and recal her fires?
on air or sea new motions be imprest,
oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
or some old temple, nodding to it's fall,
for Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

V. But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
contents us not. A better shallwe have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
but first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
but who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell;
another deems him instrument of Hell;
if Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or it's rod,
this cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest;
nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
and what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 't is true,
was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too:
and which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,
or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?
"But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That vice may merit, 't is the price of toil;
the knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
the knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
were folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er? [power?'
'No—shall the good want health, the good want
Add health, and power, and every earthly thing.
'Why bounded power? why private? why no king?
nay, why external for internal given? 161
why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?'
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
immense the power, immense were the demand; 165
say, at what part of nature will they stand?

VI. What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
the soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and six, 170
Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,
or public Spirit it's great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there,
with the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes, 175
yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
as well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
as toys and empires, for a god-like mind. 180
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
no joy, or be destructive of the thing:
how oft by these at sixty are undone
the virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute or trust, 185
content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
the lover and the love of human kind, 190

whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made,
one flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
the cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
the friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
'What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?'
I 'll tell you, friend; a wise man and a fool.
You 'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
or, cobler-like, the parson will be drunk,
worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
the rest is all but leather or prunello.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
that thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings,
boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
in quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
but by your father's worth, if your's you rate,
count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood;
go! and pretend your family is young;
nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say, where greatness lies?
'Where, but among the heroes and the wise?'
Heroes are much the same, the point 's agreed,
from Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
the whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.

No less alike the politic and wise;
all sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
't is phrase absurd to call a villian great:
who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
like Socrates; that man is great indeed.
What 's fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath;
a thing beyond us, even before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what 's unknown,
the same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
in the small circle of our foes or friends;
to all beside as much an empty shade
an Eugene living as a Cæsar dead;
alike or when, or where they shone or shine,
or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit 's a feather, and a chief a rod;
an honest man 's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
as Justice tears his body from the grave;
when what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
one self-approving hour whole years outweighs
of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
and more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'T is but to know how little can be known,
to see all others' faults, and feel our own;
condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
without a second, or without a judge:
truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
all fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
above life's weakness and it's comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
make fair deductions; see to what they mount;
how much of other each is sure to cost;
how each for other oft is wholly lost;
how inconsistent greater goods with these;
how sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease;
think, and if still the things thy envy call,
say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
see Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
from ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
see the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
how happy! those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
from dirt and sea-weed, as proud Venice rose.

In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
and all that rais'd the hero sunk the man:
now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
but stain'd with blood or ill-exchang'd for gold:
then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth, ill-fated! which no act of fame
e'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
some greedy minion, or imperious wife;
the trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
and haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
the whole amount of that enormous fame,
a tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below;"
the only point where human bliss stands still,
and tastes the good without the fall to ill;
where only merit constant pay receives,
is bless'd in what it takes and what it gives;
the joy unequall'd, if it's end it gain,
and if it lose attended with no pain:
without satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,
and but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
the broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
good from each object, from each place, acquir'd,
for ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
never elated while one man's oppress'd;
never dejected while another's bless'd;
and where no wants no wishes can remain,
since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
the bad must miss, the good untaught will find;
slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
but looks through nature up to nature's God;
pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
sees that no being any bliss can know,
but touches some above and some below;
learns from this union of the rising whole,
the first, last purpose of the human soul;
and knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
all end in LOVE OF GOD and LOVE OF MAN.

For him alone Hope leads from goal to goal,
and opens still and opens on his soul;
till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
it pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why Nature plants in man alone
hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
wise is her present; she connects in this
his greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
at once his own bright prospect to be blest,
and strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love, thus push'd to social, to divine,
gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
extend it, let thy enemies have part:
grasp the whole world of reason, life and sense,
in one close system of benevolence:
happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
and height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts; but human soul
must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
as the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
the centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
another still, and still another spreads;
friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
his country next; and next all human race:
wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind
take every creature in, of every kind;
earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
and Heaven beholds it's image in his breast.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
oh master of the poet, and the song!
and while the Muse now stoops or now ascends,
to man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
to fall with dignity, with temper rise;
form'd by thy converse, happily to steer,
from grave to gay, from lively to severe;
correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
intent to reason, or polite to please.
O! while along the stream of time thy name
expanded flies, and gathers all it's fame,
say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
shall then this verse to future age pretend
thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
from sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
for Wit's false mirror, held up Nature's light;
shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;

that REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim; 395
that true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same;
that VIRTUE only makes our bliss below;
and all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

THE EMBLEMATIC VIGNETTE

in the Title-page, was originally designed and drawn by Mr. Pope himself. The excellency of the piece leaves us no inducement to wish for any other. It represents the vanity of human desires in false pursuits after happiness and glory. The ridicule couched in the curtain cobweb, the death's head crowned with laurel, and the several inscriptions, have all the force and beauty of one of his best written satires. The expression in the bearded philosopher, sitting by a fountain running to waste, and blowing up bubbles with a straw, from a small portion of water taken out of it in a dirty dish, is impressive, for it admirably represents the vain business of school-philosophy, which, with a little artificial logic, sits inventing airy arguments in support of false science, while the human understanding at large is suffered to lie waste and uncultivated.

G. Nicholson, Poughnill.

POEMS
by
JOHN GAY,
with the Author's Life.

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THE LIFE OF GAY.

John Gay was born in the year 1688, at or near Barnstaple in Devonshire, and educated under Mr. Luck, who was a man of considerable abilities. His family was ancient, having long possessed the lordship of Goldworthy, in that county; but being much reduced, and the resources of his parents proving inadequate to the expense of a liberal education, he was apprenticed to a silk-mercer in the Strand. The servility and restraint of this occupation however, accorded so ill with the liberality of his mind, that the accommodating nature of moving behind a counter became disgusting. His consequent want of attendance and assiduity gave much dissatisfaction to his master, which procured his release on easy conditions, long before the expiration of his term of servitude. He was now, therefore, at leisure to indulge his natural propensity to poetry. In 1711, he published his *Rural Sports*, which he inscribed to Pope, who was then rising into reputation. Pope received this compliment with pleasure; and, on cultivating some acquaintance with our author, admired exceedingly his sweetness of temper and almost unexampled simplicity of manners. They were of the same age, and a friendship took place which lasted to their separation, by death.

Gay indeed became the favourite of the literati of that time. In the occasional society of those friends, in the cultivation of poetry, in that careless indolence which could only constitute his happiness, he passed some years of enjoyment; but unfortunately, our poet's independency of mind was strangely at variance

with his circumstances, and his purse was an unerring barometer of his spirits, which, at this time, sinking with it, left him apprehensive of a servile dependence. The Dutchess of Monmouth, however, attracted by his reputation, bestowed on him in 1712 the office of secretary, with a handsome salary. This event relieved him from the gnawing importunities of want, occasioned by an improvident care of the morrow, and afforded him that leisure for which he had ardently longed. This leisure, he did not fail to employ in the cultivation of his poetical talents, for the same year he produced *Trivia, or the Art of walking the streets of London* (one of the happiest of his performances, but rendered less interesting by a change of manners, customs, and city improvements); the *Mohocks, a tragi-comical Farce, as it was acted near the Watch-house, Covent-garden;* brought on the stage his *Wife of Bath,* a comedy, which met with very indifferent success; and he contributed nnmbers 11, and 149, to the "Guardian." In 1714, he published *The Shepherd's Week,* it is said, at the suggestion of Pope, in order to lower the merit of Philips, his rival in pastoral poetry, by whom Pope thought himself ill treated in some disrespectful insinuations, and in the detension of the Hanover Club's subscription to the translation of Homer's Iliad, which Philips, as secretary to that society, had detained beyond it's time of payment. In this instance Pope's vindictive propensity was much exceeded, for in these exquisite pastorals we find a true picture of rustic manners and occupations, and of that simplicity neglected entirely by Pope and only partially copied by Philips. The most promising views of preferment at court now opened. He was highly es

teemed by Bolingbroke, Swift, and by the leading men in the Tory ministry; and was appointed to attend the Earl of Clarendon as secretary to his embassy to the Court of Hanover, to which his patroness readily consented. But the death of Queen Anne, which happened in fifteen days after his arrival at Hanover, put an end to all his towering hopes. He returned therefore to his steady friend, Mr. Pope, who received him with the heartiest welcome. He however advised Gay to avail himself of some opportunity of introducing himself to the notice of the new sovereign and his family. The circumstance of affixing to his *Shepherd's Week*, a prologue to Bolingbroke, was expected to obstruct all kindness from the house of Hanover; yet he did not omit to avail himself of complimenting the Princess of Wales, (afterwards Queen Caroline) on her arrival in England, in an *Epistle* addressed to her on that occasion. This procured him a friendly admittance at Court. In 1715, he brought on the stage his *What-d'-you-call-it*, which was received with great applause, and honoured with the attendance of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The novelty of this mock tragedy, produced a pamphlet against it by Griffin, a player, in conjunction with Theobald, called "The Key to the *What-d'-you-call-it.*" It is said this play advanced our author's reputation exceedingly, not only with the public, but at court. His finances were recruited, and he became the general favourite of the association of wits and the companion of persons of high distinction, both in rank and abilities. Yet Gay had too sanguinely flattered himself with hopes of more substantial favours, and disappointment depressed his soul. He was unable

to oppose the rubs of fate by magnanimity; the texture of his mind was delicate, and he fell again into habitual dejection. In 1716, he made a visit to Devonshire, at the expense of the Earl of Burlington, whom he repaid with an *Epistle* containing an account of his journey. The year following, he made a similar return to the kindness of Mr. Pulteney, who, on resigning his place of Secretary at War took him to Aix; in 1718 he was invited by Lord Harcourt to his seat in Oxfordshire. During this visit he had to sympathize in the general distress occasioned by the death of two rural lovers, who were unfortunately killed in the neighbouring fields by a stroke of lightning. John Hewett, a well-proportioned man, was about the age of twenty-five. Sarah Drew was comely rather than beautiful, and about the same age. On that fatal morning, John had obtained the consent of Sarah's parents, and the next week was fixed on for their union. The clouds grew black, and a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning ensued. Immediately was heard a dreadful tremendous report. Heaven itself seemed splitting. John had one arm round Sarah's neck, and the other appeared to have been held over her to screen her from the lightning. In this tender posture they had been struck dead and stiffened. Sarah's left eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast. Her lover was all over black, and not the least signs of life found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and, the next day, interred in Stanton-Harcourt churchyard. Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope and Gay's request, caused a stone to be placed over them, on condition that the two poets furnished the epitaph, which is as follows.

"When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
on the same pile the faithful pair expire.
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
and blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd."

In 1720, Mr. Gay published a collection of his *Poems*, with *Dione*, a pastoral tragedy, in 4to. by subscription, which cleared him one thousand pounds, but falling into the general infatuation of the South-sea scheme, he lost all his property, which is supposed to have amounted to £20,000. Under this calamity his spirits sunk, a constitutional colic was induced, and his life became in danger. He removed in this languishing state to Hampstead, during the year 1722, where by the care and assiduities of his friends, his health was restored. Returning to his studies, he wrote the *Captives*, a tragedy, which he was invited to read to the Princess of Wales in manuscript; on this occasion, an unlucky accident happened to our author. After waiting in expectation of the Princess and her ladies, they entered; but, in advancing, he was inattentive to a low foot-stool which stood near him; stumbled over it; fell against a large Japan screen, which he threw down; and put the ladies into disorder. *The Captives*, was brought on the stage at Drury-lane, in 1723, and acted eleven nights with great applause. Encouraged by the continued attention of the Princess of Wales, he engaged in writing a set of *Fables*, which he published in 1726, dedicated, by permission, to the Duke of Cumberland, who was then very young. In some of these fables he has been thought blameable in taking too much liberty in court affairs. In the *Hare and many Friends* is figuratively described his own dependence

on the promises of the great. Johnson says, that "for this work he was promised a reward, which he had doubtless magnified with all the wild expectations of indigence and vanity." Why did Johnson always delight to degrade genius and render it the contempt of rich fools? On the accession of George ii, the year following, his patroness became queen; and from numerous promises of preferment, he then hoped for a genteel provision, suited to his inclination and abilities. But he was offered only the place of gentleman-usher to Louisa, the youngest princess; which he considered as an indignity, and refused it, by pleading he was too far advanced in life. This event, as might be expected, affected our author exceedingly. He wrote to Pope on the occasion in a strain of melancholy. Pope endeavoured to console him in a manner the most sympathizing. "While you are nobody's servant, "said he to him, you may be any one's friend; and, as such, I embrace you in all conditions of life. While I have a shilling, you shall have sixpence; nay eight pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat." The favour of the public, however, made our author ample amends for the neglect of the court, in an unprecedented approbation of the *Beggar's Opera*, written in ridicule of the musical Italian drama, and acted at Lincoln's-Inn fields, in 1727. It was offered to Cibber and his brethren, at Drury-lane, and rejected; but accepted by Rich. It was ludicrously said to have made Gay *rich*, and Rich *gay*. It was uninterruptedly performed in London for sixty-three nights. In the country it was frequently played to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol fifty. It was acted in Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and even at Minorca. The popu-

larity of this favourite piece was not confined to the mere reading and representation; his songs were found on ladies' fans, and screens were decorated with them. And, what is more in it's favour, it's satire was so much adapted to the taste of all ranks, that it had the effect of overthrowing, at least for one season, the Italian Opera, that disgraceful aberration of nature, that dagon of the great, which Dennis and others had in vain attempted to drive from the throne of fashion. The success of this piece induced Gay to extend his plan to a second part called *Polly*, which was excluded the theatre by the Lord Chamberlain. Thus prevented by an act of power, from benefiting from his abilities, he drew the humanity of the public to his side by a proposal of publishing the piece by subscription, which proved so liberal and extensive that tho' the first part produced him four hundred pounds, the profits of the second were nearly thrice as much. Besides the applause of the public, and the pecuniary advantage derived therefrom, he received a recompence yet greater, in the friendship of the Duke and Dutchess of Queensbury; who resented his indignities, resigned their respective employments at court, took him into their family, and treated him with the most affectionate attention during the remaining part of his life. Still, however, Gay felt himself disappointed and unhappy, which the applauses and tenderness of his friends could not divert or overpower. Pope soothed, Swift rallied, and Arbuthnot prescribed in vain! His *Wife of Bath* was brought again upon the stage in 1730, and again discountenanced. In a short time he relapsed into his old disorder, the colic, after which he rather languished than lived, under an incurable dejection of spirits. The

entire series of his letters to Pope and Swift afford a melancholy proof of this assertion. 'T is strange that the neglect of a court, or any event of fortune, should have rendered miserable a person whose strength of understanding ought to have caused him to look down on courtiers as the buzzing insects of a day, and on the transient events of life as beneath his serious concern. 'T is most strange that residing, during the latter part of his life, in so charming a retirement as Amesbury, and so amply provided for by his noble patron, that he was still incapable of happiness; yet it appears that he had some cheerful intervals, for, during his last year, he produced his *Acis and Galatea*, a serenata, in air, and recitative. The story is from Ovid, the music by Handel. In the beginning of October 1732, he became apprehensive of his approaching end, for he writes, "I find myself in such a strange confusion and depression of spirits, that I have not strength even to make my will; tho' I perceive by many warnings, I have no continuing city here, I begin to look on myself as one already dead, and desire my dear Mr. Pope, whom I love as my own soul, if you survive me, as you certainly will, if a stone should mark the place of my grave, see these words put upon it, with what else you may think proper:

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."

In the winter he removed, with the family, to London, and at their house in Burlington Gardens, he was suddenly seized with a violent inflammatory fever, which ending in a mortification in the bowels, put a period to his life, December 4, 1732, in the 54th year of his age. After a very respectable funeral solemnity,

his remains were interred on the 23d, in the south-cross isle, opposite Chaucer's tomb, in Westminister Abbey, where a handsome monument was erected, on which was inscribed as follows.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
in wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
with native humour temp'ring virtuous rage;
form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
above temptation in a low estate,
and uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
a safe companion and an easy friend;
unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
but that the worthy and the good shall say,
striking their pensive bosoms,—Here lies Gay!

Here lie the ashes of Mr. John Gay,
the warmest Friend,
the most benevolent man;
who maintained independency in low circumstances of fortune;
integrity in the midst of a corrupt age;
and that equal serenity of mind which conscious goodness
alone can give, through the whole course of his life.
Favourite of the muses, he was led by them to every elegant art;
refined in taste, and fraught with graces all his own:
in various kinds of poetry superior to many,
inferior to none;
his works continue to inspire what his example taught,
contempt of folly, however adorned;
detestation of vice, however dignified;
reverence of virtue, however disgraced.
Charles and Catherine, Duke and Dutchess of Queensbury, who loved this excellent man living, and regret him dead, have caused this monument to be erected to his memory.

He died intestate, so that his fortune, amounting to about £3000, fell, as he desired, to his two widow sisters, Katherine and Joanna; the first was the relict of Mr. Ballet, the latter of Mr. Fortesque. The week before his death he gave the play-house his opera of *Achilles*, which was acted with applause, and

the profits generously disposed of to his sisters. In 1738 was published a second volume of *Fables*, more grave and more political than the former. There have also appeared under the name of Gay, *The Distrest Wife*, a comedy, first printed in 1743, and a humourous piece called *The Rehearsal at Gotham*. Our author's *Poems on several Occasions*, were printed in two vol. 12mo. 1737. Since that time they have been reprinted in various sizes. Two additional volumes professing to be *The Miscellaneous Works of Mr. John Gay*, were printed in 12mo. 1773; in which a considerable and singular fraud was attempted on his reputation. The "Elegiac Epistle to a Friend," "A Ballad on Ale," "Story of Ciphisa," "Gondibert, cantos 7, 8, 9," "The Man Mountain's Answer to the Liliputian Verses," are very palpable impositions.

The character of Gay seems to have been very amiable. He was of an affable, sweet disposition, and his temper generous. He was universally beloved as a soft and civil companion. His leading foible was indolence, without the least knowledge of economy. He was not a great, but a witty, adroit, various, and original writer. The pieces omitted in this publication are the greatest part of his fables, the morality of which is thinly scattered, and cannot, where found, tolerate the human speeches of quadrupeds and birds, or of the discourse of a barley-mow and dunghill; those which do not grossly deviate from nature are retained. Other pieces deemed exceptionable, are descriptions of inhuman sports, those abounding with heathen mythology, such as were written on local occasions, and some that are coarsely indelicate.

RURAL PLEASURES.

A Georgick.

Inscribed to Mr. Pope.

You, who the sweets of rural life have known,
despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
in Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
and undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy:
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
and no rude wind through rustling osiers blows,
while all his wond'ring nymphs around thee throng,
to hear the syrens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was bless'd by Fortune's hand,
nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land;
long in the noisy town have been immur'd,
respir'd its smoke, and all it's cares endur'd;
where news and politics divide mankind,
and schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind;
faction embroils the world, and ev'ry tongue
is mov'd by flatt'ry, or with scandal hung:
friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
where all must yield to int'rest's dearer ties;
each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
and honesty forsakes them all by turns;
while calumny upon each party 's thrown,
which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
and sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose.
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime,
inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My muse shall rove through flow'ry meads and plains,
and deck with rural sports her native strains,
and the same road ambitiously pursue,
frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'T is not that Rural Sports alone invite,
but all the grateful country breathes delight;
here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
and strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
where I behold the farmer's early care
in the revolving labours of the year.
When the fresh spring in all her state is crown'd,
and high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the grounds,
the lab'rer with the bending scythe is seen
shaving the surface of the waving green;
of all her native pride disrobes the land;
and meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
while with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
the fading herbage round he loosely throws;
but if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,
his sunburnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
and ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
in rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
and spreads along the field in equal rows.
Now when the height of Heav'n bright Phœbus gains,
and level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
when heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
and in the middle pathway basks the snake,
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours!
hide me, ye forests! in your closest bow'rs:
where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
and with the beech a mutual shade combines;
where flows the murm'ring brook, inviting dreams,
where bord'ring hazel overhangs the streams,
whose rolling current winding round and round,
with frequent falls makes all the wood resound,

upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
and ev'n at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.
Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgick strains;
and learn the labours of Italian swains:
in ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,
and all Hesperia opens to my eyes.
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
and know the nature of each diff'rent soil:
this waving field is gilded o'er with corn;
that spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn
here I survey the purple vintage grow,
climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
and paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:
the dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
while burning love ferments in ev'ry vein;
his well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
and by the dint of war his mistress claims:
the careful insect 'midst his works I view,
now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew;
with golden treasures load his little thighs,
and steer his distant journey through the skies;
some against hostile drones the hive defend,
others with sweets the waxen cells distend:
each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
and in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.
Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
and trudging homeward whistles on the way;
when the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand;
no warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir
to court kind slumbers to their sprays retire;
when no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;

engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
to take my farewell of the parting day;
far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
a streak of gold the sea and sky divides;
the purple clouds their amber linings show,
and edg'd with flame rolls every wave below;
here pensive I behold the fading light,
and o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
and twinkling orbs bestrow th' uncloudy skies;
her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
and on the main a glitt'ring path extends;
millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
which round their suns their annual circles steer;
sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
while I survey the works of Providence.
O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse,
the glorious Author of the universe,
who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
and circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,
my soul should overflow in songs of praise,
and my Creator's name inspire my lays!

As in successive course the seasons roll,
so circling pleasures recreate the soul;
when genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
and o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
no swelling inundation hides the grounds,
but crystal currents glide within their bounds;
the finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
float in the sun, and skim along the lake,
with frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.

O happy Plains! remote from war's alarms,
and all the ravages of hostile arms!

and happy Shepherds! who secure from fear,
on open downs preserve your fleecy care!
whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
and whirling flails disjoint the crackling floor:
no barb'rous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
no trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
nor crackling fires devour the promis'd grain;
no flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
the dreadful signal of invasive war;
no trumpet's clangour wounds the mother's ear,
and calls the lover from his swooning fair.
What happiness the rural maid attends,
in cheerful labour while each day she spends!
she gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent,
and, rich in poverty, enjoys content:
(such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame)
she never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
she never loses life in thoughtless ease,
nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
her homespun dress in simple neatness lies,
and for no glaring equipage she sighs:
her reputation, which is all her boast,
in a malicious visit ne'er was lost:
no midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
and health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs,
if love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
an equal passion warms her happy swain.
No homebred jars her quiet state control,
nor watchful jealousy torments her soul:
with secret joy she sees her little race
hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;

the fleecy ball their little fingers cull;
or from the spindle draw the lenght'ning wool,
thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
till age the latest thread of life unwind.
Ye happy Fields! unknown to noise and strife,
the kind rewarders of industrious life;
ye shady woods! where once I us'd to rove,
alike indulgent to the Muse and love;
ye murm'ring Streams! that in meanders roll,
the sweet composers of the pensive soul,
farewell.—The City calls me from your bow'rs:
farewell amusing thoughts and peaceful hours.

The passages relating to inhuman country sports are omitted in this copy.

THE SHEPHERD's WEEK.

MONDAY: OR, THE SQUABBLE.

Lobin Clout.

Thy younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
no thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
no chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
no damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
o'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear,
then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?

Cud. Ah! Lobin Clout, I ween my plight is guest
for he that loves, a stranger is to rest;
if swains belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
and Blouzelinda 's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind;
those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind:
and well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

Lob. Clout. Ah! Blouzelind, I love thee more by half,
than does their fawns or cows the new fall'n calf:

woe-worth the tongue, may blisters sore it gall,
that names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

Cud. Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise.
Lo, yonder, Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
the wisest lout of all the neighb'ring plain!
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
to know when hail will fall or winds arise:
he taught us first the heifer's tail to view,
when stuck aloft, that show'rs would strait ensue:
he first that useful secret did explain,
that pricking corns foretold the gathering rain:
when swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
he told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
and praise his sweetheart in alternate verse:
I 'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
that Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

Lob. Clout. See this tobacco-pouch that 's lin'd with hair,
made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer;
this pouch, that 's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I 'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

Cud. Begin thy carols, then, thou vaunting slouch,
be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

Lob. Clout. My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
than primrose sweeter, or the clover grass.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
fair is the daisie that beside her grows;
fair is the gillyflower, of gardens sweet,
fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet;
but Blouzelind 's than gillyflow'r more fair,
than daisie, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

Cud. My brown Buxoma is the featest maid
that e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd;

clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
and like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
the frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
the wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
and my cur Tray play deftest feats around;
but neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

Lob. Clout. Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near,
of her bereft, 't is winter all the year.
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
in winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda! ease thy swain's desire,
my summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

Cud. As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
and holidays, if haply she were gone,
like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind! my love repay,
and all the year shall then be holiday.

Lob. Clout. As Blouzelinda in a gamesome mood
behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I slyly ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,
she wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I 'm bold to say,
her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

Cud. As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
with gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
I quaintly stole a kiss; at first 't is true,
she frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
her breath by far excell'd the breathing cow's.

Lob. Clo. Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer;

oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind:
while she loves turnips, butter I 'll despise,
nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe prize.

Cud. In good roast beef my landlord sticks his knife,
the capon fat delights his dainty wife;
pudding our parson eats, the 'squire loves hare,
but white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

Lob. Clo. As once I play'd at Blindman's-buff, it hapt
about my eyes the towel thick was wrapt:
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.
True speaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind."

Cud. As at Hot-cockles once I laid me down,
and felt the weighty hand of many a clown,
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

Lob. Clo. On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung;
now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
and shew'd her taper leg and scarlet hose.

Cud. Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
and myself pois'd against the tott'ring maid:
high leap'd the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I spy'd—but faithful sweethearts never tell.

Lob. Clo. This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst, explain,
this wily riddle puzzles every swain;
what flower is that which bears the Virgin's name,*
the richest metal joined with the same?

Cud. Answer thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I 'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight;
what flower is that which royal honour craves,
adjoin the Virgin †, and 't is strown on graves?

* Marygold. † Rosemary.

Clodipole. Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains;
an oaken staff each merits for his pains.
But see, the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
and gild the thatch of Goodman Hodges' barn,
your herds for want of water stand adry,
they 're weary of your songs—and so am I.

TUESDAY: OR, THE DITTY.

Marian.

Young Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
full well could dance and deftly tune the reed;
in ev'ry wood his carols sweet were known,
at ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
the damsels' pleasures with his conquest grew;
or when aslant the cudgel threats his head,
his danger smites the breast of ev'ry maid,
but chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
the parson's maid, and neatest of the plain.
Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow;
marbled with sage the hard'ning cheese she press'd,
and yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
but Marian now, devoid of country cares,
nor yellow butter nor sage cheese prepares;
for yearning love the witless maid employs,
and love, say swains, all busy heed destroys.
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,
a lass that Cicely hight had won his heart,
Cicely, the western lass, that tends the kee,
the rival of the parson's maid was she,
in dreary shade now Marian lies along,
and mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song:

Ah! woful day! ah woful noon and moon!
when first by thee my younglings white were shorn,
then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
my sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart;
they lost but fleeces, whilst I lost a heart.

Ah! Colin! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true;
what I have done for thee will Cicely do?
will she thy linen wash, or hosen darn,
and knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?
will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat,
and ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?
which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
in service-time drew Cicely's eyes aside.

Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
my new disasters in my looks appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
so thin my features that I'm hardly known;
our neighbours tell me oft, in joking talk,
of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
unwittingiy of Marian they divine,
and wist not that with thoughtful love I pine:
yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 't was Marian's dear delight
to moil all day, and merry-make at night.
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
your early breakfast is my constant care;
and when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In misling days, when I thy thresher heard,
with happy beer I to the barn repair'd;
lost in the music of the whirling flail,
to gaze on thee I left the smoking pail:

in harvest, when the sun was mounted high,
my leathern bottle did thy drought supply;
whene'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
and have full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake;
when in the welkin gathering show'rs were seen,
I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green;
and when at eve returning with thy car,
awaiting heard the gingling bells from far;
straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,
to warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.
When hungry thou stood staring, like an oaf,
I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf,
with crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
Ah! love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
I near yon stile three sallow gipsies met:
upon my hand they cast a poring look,
bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;
they said that many crosses I must prove,
some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
and off the hedge two pinners and a smock.
I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
and no mishaps could feel whilst thou wert kind;
but since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I 've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gipsies! bring him home again,
and to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have I not sate with thee full many a night,
when dying embers were our only light,
when ev'ry creature did in slumbers lie,
besides our cat, my Colin Clout and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
while I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake
I bought the costly present for thy sake,
couldst thou spell o'er the posie on thy knife,
and with another change thy state of life?
If thou forgett'st, I wot, I can repeat,
my memory can tell the verse so sweet.
'As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
so is thy image on this heart of mine.'
But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
for knives, they tell me, always sever love.
Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,
when Goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull.
With apron blue to dry her tears she sought,
then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.

WEDNESDAY: OR, THE DUMPS.

Sparabella.

The wailings of a maiden I recite,
a maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note.
No magpye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
no ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray:
no rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
while thus her madrigal the damsel sung.
Awhile, O D' Urfey! lend an ear or twain,
nor, tho' in homely guise, my verse disdain;
whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
whether thy Muse does at Newmarket run,
or does with gossips at a feast regale,
and heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
where D' Urfey's lyrics swell in ev'ry voice:

yet suffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed,
amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
and oxen laid at rest forget the goad;
the clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade,
across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;
when Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
alike with yearning love and labour worn,
lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
did this sad plaint in mournful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
from Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
the ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,
last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on:
sure if he 'd eyes (but Love, they say, has none),
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
Ah! well-a-day! I 'm shent with baneful smart,
for with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
'tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Shall heavy Clumsilis with me compare?
view this, ye Lovers, and like me despair.
Her blubber'd lips by smutty pipes is worn,
and in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne;
the cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
if e'er she brew'd, the drink would strait go sour,
before it ever felt the thunder's pow'r:
no huswifery the dowdy creature knew;
to sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
'tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

I 've often seen my visage in yon lake,
nor are my features of the homeliest make.

Tho' Clumsilis may boast a whiter dye,
yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;
and fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
but the brown beauty will like hollies last.
Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,
while Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
and by her gain poor Sparabell 's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling-straps unite,
the clucking hen make friendship with the kite;
let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
and join in wedlock with the waddling goose,
for Love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
the fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
't is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
and speckled mackerels graze the meadows fair;
sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
and the slow ass on trees, like squirrels play;
sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
't is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
when late I met the Squire in yonder wood!
to me he sped, regardless of his game,
while all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
my lip he kiss'd and prais'd my healthful look,
then from his purse of silk a guinea took;
into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
while I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick, in liv'ry strip'd with lace,
should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace;

but I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee,
for what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
't is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Now plain I ken whence love his rise begun;
sure he was born some bloody butcher's son,
bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,
first taught him mischief and to sport with pain.
The father only silly sheep annoys,
the son the sillier shepherdess destroys.
Does son or father greater mischief do?
the sire is cruel, so the son is too.
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
't is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Farewell, ye Woods! ye Meads! ye Streams! that flow;
a sudden death shall rid me of my wo.
This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide;
what, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd?
No—to some tree this carcase I 'll suspend;
but worrying curs find such untimely end!
I 'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
on the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
that stool, the dread of ev'ry scolding quean;
yet sure a lover should not die so mean!
there plac'd aloft, I 'll rave and rail by fits,
tho' all the parish say I 've lost my wits;
and thence, if courage holds, myself I 'll throw,
and quench my passion in the lake below.
Ye Lasses! cease your burden, cease to moan,
and, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.

The sun was set; the night came on apace,
and falling dews bewet around the place.
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
and the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;

the prudent maiden deems it now too late,
and till to-morrow comes defers her fate.

THURSDAY: OR, THE SPELL.

Hobnelia.

Hobnelia, seated in a dreary vale,
in pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale,
her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
and pining echo answers groan for groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
the woful day, a day indeed of woe!
when Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
a maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
the maiden fine bedight his love retains,
and for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin! these ditties hear,
spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
and turn me thrice around, around, around.

When first this year I heard the cuckoo sing,
and call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a running with such haste,
Deb'rah that won the smock scarce ran so fast;
till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
upon a rising bank I sat adown,
then doff'd my shoe, and, by my troth, I swear,
therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
as like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
as if upon his comely pate it grew.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
and turn me thrice around, around, around.

At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
but to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought;

I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
and three times in a trembling accent cry'd,
this hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
who shall my true-love be the corn shall mow.
I straight look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,
with his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
and turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
before the sun had chas'd the stars away;
a-field I went, amid the morning dew,
to milk my kine (for so should huswives do)
thee first I spy'd; and the first swain we see,
in spite of fortune shall our true-love be.
See, Lubberkin! each bird his partner take,
and canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
and turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,
that might my secret lover's name reveal;
upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
for always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seiz'd the vermine, home I quickly sped,
and on the hearth the milk-white embers spread:
slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
in the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L*:
oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
for *L* is found in Lubberkin and Love.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
and turn me thrice around, around, around.

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
and to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name:

this with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
that in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow,
for 't was thy nut that did so brightly glow.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
and turn me thrice around, around, around.

As peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
one that was closely fill'd with three times three,
which, when I cropp'd I safely home convey'd,
and o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
my wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
while from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
the latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
but, in his proper person,—Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see,
sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Estsoons I join'd it with my wonted slight;
so may again his love with mine unite!

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
and turn me thrice around, around, around.

This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
Fly, lady-bird, north, south, or east, or west,
fly where the man is found that I love best.
He leaves my hand; see to the west he's flown,
to call my true-love from the faithless town.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
and turn me thrice around, around, around.

This mellow pippin which I pare around,
my shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground.
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
upon the grass a perfect *L* is read;
yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen
than what the paring marks upon the green.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
and turn me thrice around, around, around.

This pippin shall another trial make;
see from the core two kernels brown I take;
this on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
and Boobyclod on t' other side is borne:
but Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
a certain token that his love 's unsound,
while Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;
oh! were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
and turn me thrice around, around, around.

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee;
he wist not when the hempen string I drew;
now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;
together fast I tye the garters twain,
and while I knit the knot repeat this strain:
'Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure
firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!'

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
and turn me thrice around, around, around.

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day
to town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay;
I made my market long before 't was night,
my purse grew heavy and my basket light.
Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
and in love-powder all my money spent;
behap what will next Sunday after prayers,
when to the alehouse Lubberkin repairs,
these golden flies into his mug I 'll throw,
and soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
and turn me thrice around, around, around.

But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
o'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he 'll give me a green gown;
oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

FRIDAY: OR, THE DIRGE.

Bumkinet.

Why, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
there 's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'T is true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
and chilly blasts begin to nip the year.
From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,
and their lost beauty riven breeches mourn;
yet even this season pleasance blithe affords:
now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
let cyder new wash sorrow from thy soul.

Grub. Ah! Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,
from these sad plains all merriment is flown;
should I reveal my grief, 't would spoil thy cheer,
and make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

Bumk. Hang sorrow! let 's to yonder hut repair,
and with trim sonnets cast away our care.
Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
thou sing'st most sweet "O'er hills and far away."
Of Patient Grissel I devise to sing,
and catches quaint shall make the vallies ring.
Come, Grubbinol! beneath this shelter come,
from hence we view our flocks securely roam.

Grub. Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
but with my woe shall distant vallies ring;

the tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
for woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead.

Bumk. Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell, my glee!
no happiness is now reserv'd for me.
As the wood-pigeon coos without his mate,
so shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
the peerless maid that did all maids excel.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
and ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;
the rolling streams with wat'ry grief shall flow,
and winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft at autumn shall return,
the dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn:
this season quite shall strip the country's pride,
for 't was in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd.

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I 've often been the damsel's guide,
when rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;
there I remember how her faggots large
were frequently these happy shoulder's charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
and stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;
or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay,
th' untoward creatures to the stye I drove,
and whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espy,
for there her goodly countenance I 've seen,
set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.

Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilom I 've seen her skim the clouted cream,
and press from spongy curds the milky stream.
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
the winning swine surround the dairy door;
no more her care shall fill the hallow tray,
to fat the guzzling hogs, with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine! in grunting spend your grief,
for you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
the poultry there will seem around to stand,
waiting upon her charitable hand:
no succour meet, the poultry now can find,
for they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon' barley-mow I pass
before my eyes will trip the tidy lass,
I pitch the sheaves (oh! could I do so now)
which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
there the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd;
ah! Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
but thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields! and rueful symptoms show,
henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
let weeds instead of butter-flowers appear,
and meads instead of daises hemlock bear:
for cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
for Blouzelinda, blithesome maid! is dead.
Lament, ye swains! and o'er her grave bemoan,
and spell ye right this verse upon her stone;
'Here Blouzelinda lies—alas, alas!
weep shepherds!—and remember flesh is grass.'

Grub. Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear
than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,
or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,
or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay;
of her I 'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
the solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
and shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd:
the boding raven on her cottage sate,
and with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
the lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
which erst I saw when Goody Dobson dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate?
while on her darling's bed her mother sate;
these words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
and of the dead let none the will revoke.

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
and give the goose wherewith to raise her breed;
be these my sister's care—and ev'ry morn
amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
the sickly calf that 's hous'd, be sure to tend,
feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet, ere I die—see, mother, yonder shelf,
there secretly I 've hid my worldly pelf.
Twenty good shillngs in a rag I laid,
be ten the parson's for my sermon paid:
the rest is your's—my spinning-wheel and rake
let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake:
my new straw hat, that 's trimly lin'd with green,
let Peggy wear, for she 's a damsel clean:

my leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:
three silver pennies and a nine-pence bent,
a token kind to Bumkinet be sent.
Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cry'd,
and peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To shew their love, the neighbours far and near
follow'd, with wistful look, the damsel's bier.
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
while dismally the parson walk'd before.
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
the daisie, butter-flow'r, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
that none could tell whose turn would be the next,
he said that Heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
and spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
o'er her now empty seat aloft were hung;
with wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
to ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,
for both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.
Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
to drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm;
for Gaffer Treadwell told us by the bye,
excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;
while paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;
while moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
so long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
till bonny Susan sped across the plain:

they seiz'd the lass, in apron clean array'd,
and to the alehouse forc'd the willing maid.
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
and Susan, Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

SATURDAY: OR, THE FLIGHTS.

Bowzybeus.

Sublimer strains, O rustic muse! prepare;
forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
the drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
with Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
while rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'T was in the season when the reapers' toil
of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;
the lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
cut down the labours of the winter-plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
she feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd;
whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
and merry reapers what they list will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill,
that echo answer'd from the distant hill;
the youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,
his hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
that Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
that Bowzybeus who with fingers' speed
could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;

that Bowzybeus who with jocund tongue,
ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung.
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
and in disport surround the drunken wight.

Ah! Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
the mugs were large, the drink was wond'rous strong!
thou should'st have left the fair before 't was night,
but thou sat'st toping till the morning light.

Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout;
and kiss'd, with smacking lip, the snoring lout;
for custom says, whoe'er this venture proves,
for such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
and plays a tickling straw within his nose.
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
the sneering swains with stammering speech bespoke.
To you, my lads, I 'll sing my carols o'er;
as for the maids—I 've something else in store.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
but lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer plac'd above the croud
sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
like Bowzybeus sooths th' attentive ear.

Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
why the grave owl can never face the sun;
for owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
and only sing and seek their prey by night:
how turnips hide their swelling heads below,
and now the closing coleworts upwards grow;
how Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
o'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs:
of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
and of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail;

he sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
and in what climates they renew their breed:
some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
or to the moon in midnight hours ascend:
where swallows in the winter's season keep,
and how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep:
how nature does the puppy's eye-lid close,
till the bright sun has nine times set and rose:
for huntsmen, by their long experience, find,
that puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
for still new fairs before his eyes arose:
how pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
the various fairings of the country maid:
long silken laces hang upon the twine,
and rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
how the tight lass, knives, combs, and scissars spies,
and looks on thimbles with desiring eyes:
of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
where silver spoons are won and rings of gold:
the lads and lasses trudge the street along,
and all the fair is crouded in his song;
the mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
his pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
and on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
Jack-Pudding, in his party colour'd jacket,
tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet:
of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.

Then sad he sung "The Children in the Wood;"
ah! barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!
how blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
and fearless at the glitt'ring faulchion smil'd:

their little corpse the robin-red-breasts found,
and strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
Ah! gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,
how the sly sailor made the maid a wife.

To louder strains he rais'd his voice to tell
what woful wars in Chevy-chace befell,
when Piercy drove the deer with hound and horn,
wars to be wept by children yet unborn!
Ah! With'rington! more years thy life had crown'd,
if thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
yet shall the Squire who fought on bloody stumps,
by future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

All in the land of Essex next he chaunts,
how to sleek mares starch Quakers turn gallants:
how the brave brother stood on bank so green;
happy for him if mares had never been!

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
and on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot,
Lilly-bullero, and the Irish Trot.
Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,
or Wantley's dragon slain by valiant Moore;
the bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,
and how the grass now grows where Troy town stood?

His carols ceas'd; the list'ning maids and swains
seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose, and as he reels along,
swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly; the giddy clown
again upon a wheatsheaf drops adown;
the pow'r that guards the drunk his sleep attends,
till ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

EPISTLE TO A LADY,
on her passion for old china.

What ecstasies her bosom fire!
how her eyes languish with desire!
how blest, how happy should I be,
were that fond glance bestow'd on me!
new doubts and fears within me war:
what rival 's near? a China jar.
China 's the passion of her soul;
a cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
can kindle wishes in her breast,
inflame with joy, or break her rest.
Some gems collect, some medals prize,
and view the rust with lover's eyes;
some court the stars at midnight hours,
some doat on Nature's charms in flow'rs!
but ev'ry beauty I can trace
in Laura's mind, in Laura's face;
my stars are in this brighter sphere;
my lily and my rose is here.

Philosophers more grave than wise
hunt science down in butterflies;
or fondly poring on a spider,
stretch human contemplation wider.
Fossils give joy to Galen's soul,
he digs for knowledge like a mole;
in shells so learn'd, that all agree
no fish that swims knows more than he!
in such pursuits if wisdom lies,
who, Laura! shall thy taste despise?

When I some antique jar behold,
or white, or blue, bespeck'd with gold,

vessels so pure, and so refin'd,
appear the types of womankind:
are they not valu'd for their beauty,
too fair, too fine, for household duty?
with flow'rs, and gold, and azure, dy'd,
of ev'ry house the grace and pride?
how, white how polish'd, is their skin,
and valu'd most when only seen
she who before was highest priz'd
is for a crack or flaw despis'd.
I grant they 're frail, yet they 're so rare
the treasure cannot cost too dear!
but man is made of coarser stuff,
and serves convenience well enough;
he 's a strong earthen vessel made,
for drudging, labour, toil, and trade;
and when wives lose their other self,
with ease they bear the loss of Delf.

Husbands, more covetous than sage,
condemn this china-buying rage;
they count that woman's prudence little
who sets her heart on things so brittle.
But are those wise men's inclinations
fixt on more strong, more sure, foundations?
if all that 's frail we must despise,
no human view or scheme is wise.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak?
they swell like bubbles, shine and break.
A courtier's promise is so slight,
't is made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleasure 's sure? The miss you keep
breaks both your fortune and your sleep.
The man who loves a country life
breaks all the comforts of his wife;

and if he quit his farm and plough,
his wife in town may break her vow.
Love, Laura! love, while youth is warm,
for each new winter breaks a charm;
and woman 's not like china sold,
but cheaper grows in growing old:
then quickly chuse the prudent part,
or else you break a faithful heart.

PANTHEA.

An Elegy.

Long had Panthea felt love's secret smart,
and hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
consenting glances had her flame confest,
(in woman's eyes her very soul's exprest)
perjur'd Alexis saw the blushing maid,
he saw, he swore, he conquer'd and betray'd.
Another love now calls him from her arms,
his fickle heart another beauty warms;
those oaths oft' whisper'd in Panthea's ears,
he now again to Galatea swears.
Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid,
in grateful solitude enjoys the shade;
there with faint voice she breath'd these moving strains,
while sighing zephyrs shar'd her am'rous pains.

'Pale settled sorrow hangs upon my brow,
dead are my charms, Alexis breaks his vow!
Think, think, dear Shepherd! on the days you knew,
when I was happy, when my swain was true;
think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move,
and think yet more—that all my fault was love.
Ah! could you view me in this wretched state!
you might not love me, but you could not hate:

could you behold me in this conscious shade,
where first thy vows, where first my love, was paid,
worn out with watching, sullen with despair,
and see each eye swell with a gushing tear?
could you behold me on this mossy bed,
from my pale cheek the lively crimson fled,
which in my softer hours ye oft' have sworn,
with rosy beauty far outblush'd the morn:
could you, untouch'd, this wretched object bear,
and would not lost Panthea claim a tear?
You could not, sure—tears from your eyes would steal
and unawares thy tender soul reveal.
Ah! no;—thy soul with cruelty is fraught,
no tenderness disturbs thy savage thought;
sooner shall tigers spare the trembling lambs,
and wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
sooner shall vultures from their quarry fly,
than false Alexis for Panthea sigh.
Thy bosom ne'er a tender thought confest;
sure stubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breast;
but hardest flints are worn by frequent rains,
and the soft drops dissolve their solid veins,
while thy relentless heart more hard appears,
and is not soften'd by a flood of tears.

Ah! what is love? Panthea's joys are gone,
her liberty, her peace, her reason, flown!
and when I view me in the wat'ry glass,
I find Panthea now not what she was.
As northern winds the new-blown roses blast,
and on the ground their fading ruins cast;
as sudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
and of it's verdure spoil the mournful plain;
so hapless love on blooming features preys,
so hapless o ve destroys our peaceful days.

Come, gentle Sleep! relieve these weary'd eyes,
all sorrow in thy soft embraces dies:
there, spite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
faithless Alexis languishingly kind:
sometimes he leads me by the mazy stream,
and pleasingly deludes me in my dream;
sometimes he guides me to the secret grove,
where all our looks, and all our talk, is love.
Oh could I thus consume each tedious day,
and in sweet slumbers dream my life away!
but sleep, which now no more relieves these eyes,
to my sad soul the dear deceit denies.

Why does the sun dart forth his cheerful rays?
why do the woods resound with warbling lays?
why does the rose her grateful fragrance yield,
and yellow cowslips paint the smiling field?
why do the streams with murm'ring music flow?
and why do groves their friendly shade bestow?
let sable clouds the cheerful sun deface,
let mournful silence seize the feather'd race;
no more, ye Roses! grateful fragrance yield:
droop, droop, ye Cowslips! in the blasted field;
no more, ye Streams! with murm'ring music flow,
and let not groves a friendly shade bestow:
with sympathizing grief let Nature mourn,
and never know the youthful Spring's return:
and shall I never more Alexis see?
then what is spring, or grove, or stream, to me?

Why sport the skipping lambs on yonder plain?
why do the birds their tuneful voices strain?
why frisk those heifers in the cooling grove?
their happier life is ignorant of love.

Oh! lead me to some melancholy cave,
to lull my sorrows in a living grave;

from the dark rock where dashing waters fall,
and creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall,
where I may waste in tears my hours away,
and never know the seasons or the day.
Die, die, Panthea!—fly this hateful grove,
for what is life without the swain I love?

ARAMINTA.

An Elegy.

Now Phœbus rose, and with his early beams
wak'd slumb'ring Delia from her pleasing dreams;
her wishes by her fancy were supply'd,
and in her sleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.
With secret joy she saw the morning ray
chequer the floor, and through the curtains play;
the happy morn that shall her bliss complete,
and all her rivals' envious hopes defeat.
In haste she rose, forgetful of her prayers,
flew to the glass, and practis'd o'er her airs:
her new-set jewels round her robe are plac'd,
some in a brilliant buckle bind her waist,
some round her neck a circling light display,
some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray;
the silver knot o'erlooks the Mechlen lace,
and adds becoming beauties to her face;
brocaded flow'rs o'er the gay mantua shine,
and the rich stays her taper shape confine:
thus all her dress exerts a graceful pride,
and sporting Love surrounds th' expecting bride,
for Daphnis now attends the blushing maid,
before the priest their solemn vows are paid;
this day which ends at once all Delia's cares,
shall swell a thousand eyes with secret tears:

Cease, Araminta! 't is in vain to grieve,
canst thou from Hymen's bonds the youth retrieve?
disdain his perj'ries and no longer mourn;
recall my love, and find a sure return.

But still the wretched maid no comfort knows,
and with resentment cherishes her woes;
alone she pines, and in these mournful strains
of Daphnis' vows and her own fate complains.

'Was it for this I sparkled at the play,
and loiter'd in the ring whole hours away?
when if thy chariot in the circle shone,
our mutual passion by our looks was known;
through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
where'er I pass thy grateful eyes pursue.

Ah! faithless Youth! too well you saw my pain,
for eyes the language of the soul explain.

Think, Daphnis! think, that scarce five days are fled
since (O false tongue!) those treach'rous things you said;
how did you praise my shape and graceful air!
and woman thinks all compliments sincere.
Didst thou not then in rapture speak thy flame,
and in soft sighs breathe Araminta's name?
didst thou not then with oaths thy passion prove,
and with an awful trembling say—I love?

Ah! faithless Youth! too well you saw my pain,
for eyes the language of the soul explain.

How couldst thou thus, ungrateful Youth! deceive?
how could I thus, unguarded Maid! believe?
Sure thou canst well recall that fatal night,
when subtle love first enter'd at my sight.
When in the dance I was thy partner chose,
Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!
my trembling hand my sudden joy confess'd,
my glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd;

my looks spoke love; while you, with answ'ring eyes,
in killing glances made as kind replies.
Think, Daphnis! think what tender things you said,
think what confusion all my soul betray'd.
You call'd my graceful presence Cynthia's air,
and when I sung, the Syrens charm'd your ear:
my flame blown up by flatt'ry stronger grew,
a gale of love in ev'ry whisper flew.
Ah! faithless Youth! too well you saw my pain,
for eyes the language of the soul explain.
Whene'er I dress'd, my maid, who knew my flame,
cherish'd my passion with thy lovely name;
thy picture in her talk so lively grew,
that thy dear image rose before my view:
she dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,
and wounded Delia's fame to sooth my spleen:
when she beheld me at the name grow pale,
straight to thy charms she chang'd her artful tale;
and when thy matchless charms were quite run o'er,
I bid her tell the pleasing tale once more.
Oh! Daphnis! from thy Araminta fled!
oh! to my love for ever, ever dead!
like death, his nuptials all my hope remove,
and ever part me from the man I love.
Ah! faithless Youth! too well you saw my pain,
for eyes the language of the soul explain.
O might I by my cruel fate be thrown
in some retreat far from this hateful Town!
vain Dress and glaring Equipage! adieu!
let happier nymphs those empty shows pursue,
me let some melancholy shade surround,
where not the print of human step is found.
In the gay dance my feet no more shall move,
but bear me faintly through the lonely grove;

no more these hands shall o'er the spinnet bound,
and from the sleeping strings call forth the sound:
music! adieu! farewell, Italian airs!
the croaking raven now shall sooth my cares.
On some old ruin lost in thought I rest,
and think how Araminta once was blest;
there o'er and o'er thy letters I peruse,
and all my grief in one kind sentence lose:
some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
and on my cheek a short-liv'd pleasure smiles.
Why is this dawn of joy? flow, tears, again;
vain are these oaths, and all these vows are vain:
Daphnis, alas! the Gordian knot has ty'd,
nor force nor cunning can the band divide.
Ah! faithless Youth! since eyes the soul explain,
why knew I not that artful tongue could feign?'

A BALLAD.

FROM THE "WHAT-D' YE-CALL-IT."
Set by Jackson.

'T was when the seas were roaring
with hollow blasts of wind;
a damsel lay deploring,
all on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
she cast a wistful look;
her head was crown'd with willows,
that trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
and nine long tedious days.
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
and let my lover rest:

ah! what 's thy troubled motion
to that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
sees tempests in despair;
but what 's the loss of treasure,
to losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
where gold and diamonds grow,
you 'd find a richer maiden,
but none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
hath nothing made in vain;
why then beneath the water
should hideous rocks remain?
no eyes the rocks discover,
that lurk beneath the deep,
to wreck the wandering lover,
and leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
thus wail'd she for her dear;
repaid each blast with sighing,
each billow with a tear;
when o'er the white wave stooping,
his floating corpse she spy'd;
then, like a lily drooping,
she bow'd her head, and dy'd.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK EY'D SUSAN.

Gay made this song on Mrs. Vanbruggen (ci-devant Mrs. Montford). She fell in love with Booth; but the desire of retaining an annuity left her by Lord Berkeley, on condition that she never married, prevented their union. Booth afterwards married Miss Santloe. No sooner did the perfidy of her lover, and the ingratitude of her friend, come to her knowledge, than she gave way to a desperation that deprived her of her senses. During a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening, and was told that it was Hamlet. In this piece she had with great applause performed Ophelia. The recolection struck her; and, with that cunning usually allied to insanity, she found means to elude the care of her servants, and reached the theatre. There she concealed herself till the scene in which Ophelia was to make her appearance in her insane state. She pushed on the stage before her rival, who was the appointed representative for the night, and exhibited Ophelia herself to the amazement of the performers and the audience. Nature in this last effort was however exhausted. On her exit, she exclaimed, "It is all over:" and the prediction was soon verified.—*G. A. Belamy's Apology.*

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
the streamers waving in the wind,
when black-ey'd Susan came on board:
'Oh! where shall I my true love find!
tell me, ye jovial sailors! tell me true,
if my sweet William sails among the crew?'

William, who high upon the yard,
rock'd with the billows to and fro',
soon as her well-known voice he heard,
he sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
the cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
and (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(if chance his mate's shrill call he hear)
and drops at once into her nest.

The noblest captain in the British fleet,
might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.
'O Susan! Susan! lovely dear,
my vows shall ever true remain;
let me kiss of that falling tear;
we only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
the faithful compass that still points to thee.
Believe not what the landmen say,
who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
they 'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
in every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
for thou art present wheresoe'er I go.
If to far India's coast we sail,
thy eyes are seen in di'monds bright,
thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
thy skin is ivory, so white.
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.
Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
let not my pretty Susan mourn;
tho' cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'
The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
the sails their swelling bosom spread;
no longer must she stay aboard:
they kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:
her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
'Adieu!' she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

A NEW SONG OF NEW SIMILES.

My passion is as mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad;
drunk as a piper all day long,
or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet cann't forget her;
for tho' as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I 'd be,
if Molly were but kind;
cool as a cucumber could see
the rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
and eye her o'er and o'er;
lean as a rake with sighs and care,
sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
and soft as silk my skin,
my cheeks as fat as butter grown,
but as a groat now thin.

I melancholy as a cat
am kept awake to weep;
but she insensible of that,
sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
she laughs to see me pale;
and merry as a grig is grown,
and brisk as bottled ale.

The god of Love at her approach
is busy as a bee;
hearts sound as any bell or roach,

are smit and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail
the fine men crowd about her;
but soon as dead as a door-nail
shall I be if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
O were we join'd together!
my heart would be Scot free from cares,
and lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,
no drum was ever tighter;
her glance is as the razor keen,
and not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
methinks I taste them yet;
brown as a berry is her hair,
her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
her pretty hand invites;
sharp as a needle are her words,
her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
clean as a penny drest;
sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
and happy as a king:
good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
she lov'd like any thing.

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
chang'd, as her sex must do;
tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
and like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,

let who would take Peru!
great as an emp'ror should I be,
and richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I 'm dull as any post;
let us like burs together stick,
and warm as any toast.

You 'll know me truer than a die,
and wish me better sped;
flat as a flounder when I lie,
and as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, she 'll drop a tear
and sigh, perhaps, and wish,
when I am rotten as a pear,
and mute as any fish.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

Remote from cities liv'd a swain,
unvext with all the cares of gain;
his head was silver'd o'er with age,
and long experience made him sage;
in summer's heat, and winter's cold,
he fed his flock, and penn'd the fold:
his hours in cheerful labour flew,
nor envy nor ambition knew
his wisdom and his honest fame
through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep philosopher (whose rules
of moral life were drawn from schools)
the Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
and thus explor'd his reach of thought.
Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
o'er books consum'd the midnight oil?

hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
and the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
and hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
or like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
by various fates, on realms unknown,
hast thou through many cities stray'd,
their customs, laws, and manners, weigh'd?

The Shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
to read mankind, their laws and arts;
for man is practis'd in disguise,
he cheats the most discerning eyes;
who by that search shall wiser grow,
when we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd
was all from simple nature drain'd;
hence my life's maxims took their rise,
hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
awake my soul to industry:
who can observe the careful ant,
and not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
with gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
and in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
with pious wing protects her care,
and ev'ry fowl that flies at large
instructs me in a parent's charge.

From Nature, too, I take my rule,
to shun contempt and ridicule;
I never, with important air,
in conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise
when men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
for who talks much must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
who listens to the chatt'ring pie?
Nor would I, with felonious slight,
by stealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
against the toad and serpent kind?
but Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
can furnish hints to contemplation;
and from the most minute and mean
a virtuous mind can morals glean.
Thy fame is just, the Sage replies;
thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
books as affected are as men:
but he who studies Nature's laws
from certain truth his maxims draws;
and those, without our schools, suffice
to make men moral, good, and wise.

THE PAINTER WHO PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERY BODY.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
keep probability in view,

the trav'ller leaping o'er those bounds,
the credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
makes ev'n his real courage doubted.
But flatt'ry never seems absurd;
the flatter'd always take your word:
impossibilities seem just;
they take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, tho' ne'er so great,
will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a Painter drew,
that ev'ry eye the picture knew;
he hit complexion, feature, air,
so just, the life itself was there.
No flatt'ry with his colours laid,
to bloom restor'd the faded maid;
he gave each muscle all it's strength;
the mouth, the chin, the nose's length;
his honest pencil touch'd with truth,
and mark'd the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
truth should not always be reveal'd:
in dusty piles his pictures lay,
for no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos, fraught with every grace,
a Venus' and Apollo's face,
he plac'd in view; resolv'd to please,
whoever sat he drew from these,
from these corrected ev'ry feature,
and spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,
his pallette ready o'er his thumb;
my Lord appear'd; and, seated right,
in proper attitude and light,

the Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
then dipp'd his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
might well a Raphael's hand require,
to give them all the native fire;
the features, fraught with sense and wit,
you 'll grant, are very hard to hit;
but yet with patience you shall view
as much as paint and art can do.

Observe the work. My Lord reply'd,
till now I thought my mouth was wide;
besides, my nose is somewhat long;
dear Sir, for me, 't is far too young.
Oh! pardon me, the artist cry'd;
in this we Painters must decide:
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like.

My Lord examin'd it anew;
no looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A lady came, with borrow'd grace;
he from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
so like the picture in his heart!
to ev'ry age some charm he lent;
ev'n beauties were almost content.

Through all the town his art they prais'd;
his custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shown,
would any man the picture own?
but when thus happily he wrought
each found the likeness in his thought.

PYTHAGORAS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

Pythag'ras rose at early dawn,
by soaring meditation drawn;
to breathe the fragrance of the day,
through flow'ry fields he took his way.
In musing contemplation warm,
his steps misled him to a farm,
where on a ladder's topmost round
a peasant stood; the hammer's sound
shook the weak barn. Say, Friend, what care
calls for thy honest labour there?

The Clown, with surly voice, replies,
Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
my hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
at length his forfeit life hath paid;
see on the wall his wings display'd,
here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
my fowls shall future safety find;
my yard the thriving poultry feed,
and my barns' refuse fat the breed.

Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise;
for public good the murd'rer dies:
but if these tyrants of the air
demand a sentence so severe,
think how the glutton, man, devours;
what bloody feasts regale his hours!
O impudence of pow'r and might,
thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
when thou, perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,
hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!

Hold, cry'd the Clown, with passion heated,

shall kites and men alike be treated?
when Heav'n the world with creatures stor'd,
man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.
Thus tyrants boast, the Sage reply'd,
whose murders spring from pow'r and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain
thy greater luxury to sustain;
for " Pretty rogues submit to Fate,
that great ones may enjoy their state."*

* Garth's Dispensary.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE PHEASANTS.

The Sage, awak'd at early day,
through the deep forest took his way:
drawn by the music of the groves,
along the winding gloom he roves;
from tree to tree the warbling throats
prolong the sweet alternate notes:
but where he past he terror threw,
the song broke short, the warblers flew,
the thrushes chatter'd with affright,
and nightingales abhorr'd his sight;
all animals before him ran,
to shun the hateful sight of man.
Whence is this dread of ev'ry creature?
fly they our figure or our nature?
As thus he walk'd, in musing thought,
his ear imperfect accents caught;
with cautious step he nearer drew,
by the thick shade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a Pheasant stood,
around her all her list'ning brood;
proud of the blessings of her nest,

she thus a mother's care exprest.
No dangers here shall circumvent,
within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
than man, of animals the worst.
In him ingratitude you find,
a vice peculiar to the kind.
The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd
to guard his health, and serve his pride,
forc'd from his fold and native plain,
is in the cruel shambles slain.
The swarms who, with industrious skill,
his hives with wax and honey fill,
in vain whole summer days employ'd,
their stores are sold, the race destroy'd.
What tribute from the goose is paid!
does not her wing all science aid?
does it not lovers' hearts explain,
and drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this general use?
he takes the quills, and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, detest his ways,
so safety shall prolong your days.
When services are thus acquitted,
be sure we Pheasants must be spitted.

THE SQUIRE AND HIS CUR.

To a Country Gentleman.

The man of pure and simple heart
through life disdains a double part:
he never needs the screen of lies
his inward bosom to disguise.
In vain malicious tongues assail;

let Envy snarl, let Slander rail,
from Virtue's shield (secure from wound)
their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.
So shines his light before mankind,
his actions prove his honest mind.
If in his country's cause he rise,
debating senates to advise,
unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
the honest dictates of his heart.
No ministerial frown he fears,
but in his virtue perseveres.

But would you play the politician,
whose heart 's averse to intuition,
your lips at all times, nay, your reason,
must be controll'd by place and season.
What statesman could his pow'r support,
were lying tongues forbid the court?
Did princely ears to truth attend,
what minister could gain his end?
how could he raise his tools to place,
and how his honest foes disgrace?

That politician tops his part,
who readily can lie with art:
the man's proficient in his trade;
his pow'r is strong, his fortune 's made.
By that the int'rest of the throne
is made subservient to his own.
By that have kings of old, deluded,
all their own friends for his excluded:
by that, his selfish schemes pursuing,
he thrives upon the public ruin.

Antiochus*, with hardy pace,
provok'd the dangers of the chase;
and, lost from all his menial train,

* Plutarch.

travers'd the wood and pathless plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal guest;
the Parthian clown brought forth his best.
The King unknown his feast enjoy'd,
and various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what sudden friendship springs!
frankly they talk'd of courts and kings!
We country-folks (the Clown replies)
could ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The King, (as all our neighbours say)
might he (God bless him!) have his way,
is sound at heart, and means our good,
and he would do it if he could.
If truth in courts were not forbid,
nor kings nor subjects would he rid.
Were he in pow'r we need not doubt him;
but that transferr'd to those about him,
on them he throws the regal cares;
and what mind they? Their own affairs.
If such rapacious hands he trust,
the best of men may seem unjust.
From kings to coblers 't is the same:
bad servants wound their master's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree:
would the king knew as much as we!
here he stopp'd short. Repose they sought,
the Peasant slept, the Monarch thought.
The courtiers learn'd at early dawn,
where their lost sov'reign was withdrawn.
The guards' approach our host alarms;
with gaudy coats the cottage swarms,
the crown and purple robes they bring,
and prostrate fall before the King.
The Clown was call'd; the royal guest

by due reward his thanks exprest.
The King then, turning to the crowd,
who fawningly before him bow'd,
thus spoke. Since, bent on private gain,
your counsels first misled my reign,
taught and inform'd by you alone,
no truth the royal ear hath known,
till here conversing: hence! ye Crew,
for now I know myself and you.

Whene'er the royal ear 's engrost,
state-lies but little genius cost.
The fav'rite then securely robs,
and gleans a nation by his jobs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
he daily poisons dares instill;
and, as his present views suggest,
inflames or sooths the royal breast.
Thus wicked ministers oppress,
when oft' the monarch means redress.

Would kings their private subjects hear,
a minister must talk with fear;
if honesty oppos'd his views,
he dar'd not innocence accuse;
't would keep him in such narrow bound,
he could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they disclose
their real friends and real foes!
were both themselves and subjects known,
a monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the use of ear and eyes,
knaves would no more be counted wise.
But then a minister might lose
(hard case!) his own ambitious views.
When such as these have vex'd a state,

pursu'd by universal hate,
their false support at once hath fail'd,
and perserving truth prevail'd,
expos'd, their train of fraud is seen;
truth will at last remove the screen.

A Country 'Squire by whim directed,
the true staunch dogs of chase neglected.
Beneath his board no hound was fed;
his hand ne'er strok'd the spaniel's head.
A snappish Cur, alone carest,
by lies had banish'd all the rest.
Yap had his ear; and defamation
gave him full scope of conversation.
His sycophants must be preferr'd;
room must be made for all his herd;
wherefore, to bring his schemes about,
old faithful servants all must out.

The Cur on ev'ry creature flew,
(as other great men's puppies do)
unless due court to him were shown,
and both their face and bus'ness known:
no honest tongue an audience found;
he worry'd all the tenants round;
for why? he liv'd in constant fear,
lest truth by chance should interfere.
If any stranger dar'd intrude,
the noisy Cur his heels pursu'd.
Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,
at once he snarled, bit and fled.
Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,
and thus in secret growls his fear.
Who knows but truth, in this disguise,
may frustrate my best-guarded lies?
Should she (thus mask'd) admittance find,

that very hour my ruin 's sign'd.
Now in his howl's continu'd sound,
their words were lost, the voice was drown'd.
Ever in awe of honest tongues,
thus every day he strain'd his lungs.
It happen'd in ill-omen'd hour,
that Yap, unmindful of his pow'r,
forsook his post, to love inclin'd;
a fav'rite bitch was in the wind.
By her seduc'd, in am'rous play,
they frisk'd the joyous hours away,
thus by untimely love pursuing,
like Anthony he sought his ruin.
For now the 'Squire, unvext with noise,
an honest neighbour's chat enjoys.
Be free, says he; your mind impart;
I love a friendly open heart.
Methinks my tenants shun my gate;
why such a stranger grown of late?
Pray tell me what offence they find:
't is plain they 're not so well inclin'd.
Turn off your Cur (the farmer cries)
who feeds your ear with daily lies.
His snarling insolence offends:
't is he that keeps you from your friends.
Were but that saucy puppy checkt,
you 'd find again the same respect.
Hear only him, he 'll swear it too,
that all our hatred is to you.
But learn from us your true estate;
't is that curs'd Cur alone we hate.
The Squire heard Truth. Now Yap rush'd in:
the wide hall echoes with his din;
yet Truth prevail'd; and, with disgrace,
the dog was cudgell'd out of place.

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

I hate the man who builds his name
on ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers covetous of praise,
think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
with both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
must call her sister aukward creature;
for the kind flattery's sure to charm,
when we some other nymph disarm.
As in the cool of early day
a poet sought the sweets of May,
the garden's fragrant breath ascends,
and every stalk with odour bends;
a rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
thus singing, as the muse inspir'd:
"Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
how happy shall I prove,
might I supply that envy'd place
with never fading love!
There, phœnix like, beneath her eye,
involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.
Know hapless flower! that thou shalt find
more fragrant roses there.
I see thy withering head reclin'd
with envy and despair!
one common fate we both must prove;
you die with envy, I with love."
Spare your comparisons, reply'd
an angry rose, who grew beside.

Of all mankind you should not flout us;
what can a poet do without us?
In every love-song roses bloom;
we lend you colour and perfume:
does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
to sound her praise on our abuse?
must we, to flatter her, be made
to wither, envy, pine, and fade?

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
hath seldom known a father's care.
'T is thus in friendships; who depend
on many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare who, in a civil way,
comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
was known by all the bestial train
who haunt the wood or graze the plain;
her care was never to offend,
and ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
to taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
behind she hears the hunter's cries,
and from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
she hears the near advance of death;
she doubles to mislead the hound,
and measures back her mazy round,
till, fainting in the public way,
half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
when first the Horse appear'd in view;

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
and owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight:
to friendship ev'ry burden 's light.
The Horse reply'd, Poor honest puss,
it grieves my heart to see thee thus:
be comforted, relief is near,
for all your friends are in the rear.
She next the stately Bull implor'd,
and thus reply'd the mighty lord;
Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
that I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
to take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
expects me near yon' barley-mow;
and when a lady 's in the case,
you know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind,
but see, the Goat is just behind.
The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
her languid head, her heavy eye:
my back, says he, may do you harm;
the Sheep 's at hand, and wool is warm.
The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
his sides a load of wool sustain'd;
said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
for hounds eat sheep as well as Hares.
She now the trotting Calf address'd,
to save from death a friend distress'd.
Shall I, says he, of tender age,
in this important care engage?
older and abler pass'd you by;
how strong are those! how weak am I!
should I presume to bear you hence,

those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then! you know my heart;
but dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
for see the hounds are just in view.

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

Ere the foundations of the world were laid,
ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
shall burst it's Prison, and devour this frame,
from angry Heav'n when the keen lightning flies;
when fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
and know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought! divine Eternity!
th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;
for thou wert present when our life began,
when the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round;
amidst our hopes Fate strikes the sudden wound.
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
to-morrow death destroys his airy schemes.
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
think all that treasure thou must leave behind;
thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse,
and all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain Fate th' impending blow delay,
thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
no more thy blood it's narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
to suffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,

and life regards but as a fleeting dream:
she longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
to launch from earth into eternity:
for while the boundless theme extends our thought,
ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

AN EPITAPH OF BYEWORDS.

Here lies a round woman, who thought mighty odd
ev'ry word she e'er heard in this church about God:
to convince her of God the good Dean did endeavour,
but still in her heart she held Nature more clever.
Tho' he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
upon something or other she found better fun:
for the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
imagin'd to live in the clouds was but comical.
In this world she despis'd ev'ry soul she met here,
and now she 's in t' other, she thinks it but queer.

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G. Nicholson, Stourport.

THE GRAVE.

BY ROBERT BLAIR.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

Printed and sold by G. Nicholson, Ponghnill, near Ludlow.
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THE LIFE OF BLAIR.

In relation to Robert Blair, there exists no scattered information to collect; no jarring or contradictory accounts from which to make clear deductions; no tediousness of detail to compress. The public are indebted to Robert Anderson, M. D. for the scanty particulars which compose the personal history of Blair: they appear in his "Complete Edition of the Poets of Great-Britain," and were obtained, as we are there informed, in conversation with the son of our author, Robert Blair, esq., Solicitor General to his Majesty in Scotland, and with his cousin, the late learned Dr. Hugh Blair, one of the Ministers of the High Church, and Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, in the university of Edinburgh. No compiler of classical English Poetry, before Dr. Robert Anderson, has deigned to admit the two Poems of Blair. Our Author was the eldest son of the Rev. David Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and chaplain to the King. His mother was daughter of —— Nisbet, esq. of Carfin. His grandfather was the Rev. Robert Blair, one of the most distinguished Scottish clergymen in the time of the civil wars; a descendent of the ancient and respectable family of Blair, of Blair, in Ayrshire. He was born about the beginning of the 18th century; had a very liberal education in the university of Edinburgh, was afterwards sent abroad, by his father, for improvement, and spent some time on the continent. On Jan. 5, 1731, he was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in the county of East Lothian, where he passed

the remainder of his life. As his fortune was easy, he lived much in the style of a gentleman, and was greatly respected by Sir Francis Kinloch, baronet, of Gilmerton, patron of the parish, and by all the gentlemen in that neighbourhood. He was a man both of learning and of elegant taste and manners; a botanist and florist; and conversant in optical and microscopical knowledge. He was a man of sincere piety, and very assiduous in discharging the duties of his clerical function. As a preacher, he was zealous and animated, discovering much poetical imagination. He married Isabella Law, daughter of Mr. Law of Elvingston, a lady of uncommon beauty and amiable manners. With her father, who had been professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, he had been long and intimately connected; and, on the occasion of his death, which happened several years before his marriage with his daughter, he wrote and printed a funeral *Poem to his Memory*. By his lady, who survived him several years, he had five sons and one daughter; of these sons, Robert Blair, esq., of Avington, Solicitor General to his Majesty for Scotland, is the fourth. Our author died of a fever, on the 4th of February, 1746, in the 47th year of his age; and was succeeded in his living at Athelstaneford, by Mr. John Home, the celebrated author of "Douglas." This is all that we have been able to collect relating to this accomplished scholar, and elegant poet; whose genius and virtue, tho' celebrated by some of the most eminent of his poetical cotemporaries, have suffered such unmerited neglect, that his name is not to be found in any collection of literary biography. In extenuation, it may be urged, that the life of a county

clergyman, constantly engaged in the duties of his profession, in the practice of the domestic virtues, and in the occupation of literature, however respectable such a character may be, can afford slender materials for biography. "Had the interesing correspondence of Dr. Watts been given to the world by his friend and biographer Dr. Jennings, it would probably have furnished," says Dr. Anderson, many particulars relating to Blair, which might have gratified curiosity; tho' they could scarcely have added to the honour which his talents and virtues have received from the esteem of a man, no less remarkable for his genius and learning, than for the mildness and fervency of his piety." Our author's passion for natural history obtained him the correspondence of that celebrated naturalist, Henry Baker, esq., Fellow of the Royal Society, an intelligent, upright, and benevolent man, who was particularly attentive to the improvement of natural science, and very solicitous for the prosecution of useful discoveries. With Dr. Doddridge, a man whose learning was respected by Warburton and Newton, and whose piety was venerated by Lyttelton and West, he also cultivated a correspondence; probably through the kindness of Dr. Watts, or the good offices of their common friend, Colonel James Gardiner, who was slain at the battle of Prestonpans, Sep. 21, 1745; and affectionately commemorated by Dr. Doddridge, in "Some remarkable Passages in his Life," published in 1747. The following letter, dated Athelstaneford, Feb. 25, 1741-2, and inserted in the "Epistolary Correspondence of Dr. Doddridge," published by the Rev. Mr. Stedman of Shrewsbury, 1790, exhibits an advantageous specimen of Blair's temper and disposition, and

contains some interesting information relating to the composition and publication of *The Grave*.

" You will be justly surprised with a letter from one whose name is not so much as known to you: nor shall I offer to make an apology. Tho' I am entirely unacquainted with your person, I am no stranger to your merit as an author; neither am I altogether unacquainted with your personal character, having often heard honourable mention made of you by my much respected and worthy friends, Colonel Gardiner, and Lady Frances. About ten months ago, Lady Frances did me the favour to transmit to me some manuscript hymns of your's, with which I was wonderfully delighted. I wish I could, on my part, contribute in any measure to your entertainment, as you have sometimes done to mine in a very high degree. And that I may shew how willing I am to do so, I have desired Dr. Watts to transmit you a manuscript poem of mine, intitled *The Grave*, written I hope, in a way not unbecoming my profession as a minister of the gospel, tho' the greatest part of it was composed several years before I was clothed with so sacred a character. I was urged by some friends here, to whom I shewed it, to make it public; nor did I decline it, provided I had the approbation of Dr. Watts, from whom I have received many civilities, and for whom I had ever entertained the highest regard. Yesterday I had a letter from the Doctor, signifying his approbation of the piece in a manner most obliging. A great deal less from him would have done me no small honour. But, at the same time, he mentions to me, that he had offered it to two booksellers of his acquaintance, who, he tells me, did not care to run the risk of publishing it. They can scarcely think

(considering how critical an age we live in, with respect to such kind of writings) that a person living three hundred miles from London, could write so as to be acceptable to the fashionable and polite. Perhaps it may be so; tho', at the same time, I must say, in order to make it more generally liked, I was obliged sometimes to go cross to my own inclination, well knowing, that whatever poem is written on a serious argument, must, on that very account, be under peculiar disadvantages; and, therefore, proper arts must be used to make such a piece go down with a licentious age, which cares for none of those things. I beg pardon for breaking in on moments precious as your's, and hope you will be so kind as to give me your opinion of the poem." As a poet, the talents of Blair were great. He has left indeed but one piece from whence we may form this opinion, yet it is sufficient; and it's popularity must be allowed as an unquestionable authority in it's favour; for by the judgment of an unprejudiced public, and not of carping critics, the merit of every performance must be ultimately decided. The *Poem to the Memory of Mr. William Law*, contains a highly wrought adulatory panegyric, is evidently a juvenile performance, and not of that excellence which is required in this selection. Mr. Pinkerton, editor of "Ancient Scottish Poems," &c. says, "*The Grave* is worth a thousand common poems. The language is such as Shakespeare would have used; yet he no where imitates Shakespeare, nor uses any expression of his. It is frugal and chaste; yet, on occasions, highly poetical, without any appearance of research."

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THE GRAVE.

The house appointed for all living.—*Job.*

While some affect the sun, and some the shade,
some flee the city, some the hermitage;
their aims as various as the roads they take
in journeying through life; the task be mine
to paint the gloomy horrors of the *tomb;*
th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
these trav'llers meet. Thy succours I implore,
eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
the keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread thing!
men shiver when thou 'rt nam'd: nature appal'd
shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
dark as was chaos ere the infant sun
was roll'd together, or had tried it's beams
athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper
by glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,
lets fall a supernumerary horror,
and only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
embodied thick perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work,
of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
and buried 'midst the wreck of things which were; 30
there lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! methinks,
till now I never heard a sound so dreary.
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
rook'd in the spire, screams loud; the gloomy ailes 35
black plaister'd, and hung round with shreds of scutch-
and tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound [eons
laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
the mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their slumbers,
in grim array the grizly spectres rise, 40
grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again! the screech owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I 'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms, 45
coæval near with that all ragged shew,
long lash'd by the rude winds: some rift half down
their branchless trunks: others so thin a-top
that scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here: 50
wild shrieks have issu'd from the hollow tombs;
dead men have come again and walk'd about;
and the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
when it draws near to witching-time of night. 55

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I 've seen,
by glimpse of moon-shine, chequ'ring through the
the school-boy, with his satchel in his hand, [trees,
whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
and lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones 60
(with nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)

that tell in homely phrase who lie below;
sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
the sound of something purring at his heels:
full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
who gather round, and wonder at the tale
of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
that walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
o'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow too I've sometimes spied,
sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
listless she crawls along in doleful black,
while bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
she drops; while busy meddling memory,
in barbarous succession, musters up
the past endearments of their softer hours,
tenacious of it's theme. Still, still she thinks
she sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
a tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
and the warm efforts of the gentle heart
anxious to please. O! when my friend and I
in some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,

hid from the vulgar eye; and sat us down
upon the sloping cow-slip-cover'd bank,
where the pure limpid stream has slid along
in grateful eddies through the under-wood,
sweet murm'ring; methought, the shrill-tongu'd thrush
mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note;
the eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
assum'd a dye more deep; whilst every flower
vied with it's fellow-plant in luxury
of dress. O! then the longest summer's day
seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full heart
had not imparted half: 't was happiness
too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
and every smirking feature from the face;
branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
complexionally pleasant? where the droll,
whose very look and gesture was a joke
to clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
and made e'en thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
to gather up her face into a smile
before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
and dumb as the green turf that covers them!

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war,
the Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
the boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
who the tiara at his pleasure tore
from kings of all the then discover'd globe;
and cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
and had not room enough to do it's work?

Alas! how slim! dishonourably slim!
and cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
how blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
and the majestic menace of thine eyes
felt from afar? pliant and pow'rless now;
like new-born infant bound up in his swathes,
or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
that throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife;
mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
and coward insults of the base-born crowd,
that grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
but only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave,
of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
and honours by the heralds duly paid
in mode and form, e'en to a very scruple;
O cruel irony! these come too late;
and only mock whom they were meant to honour.
Surely, there 's not a dungeon slave that 's buried
in the high-way, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
but lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
above the baser born, to rot in state!
But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
stately and slow; and properly attended
by the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
the sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
by letting out their persons by the hour
to mimic sorrow, when the heart 's not sad.
How rich the trappings, now they 're all unfurl'd
and glitt'ring in the sun! triumphant entries

of conquerors and coronation pomps,
in glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the casements,
and houses' tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
that 's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,
'midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
why is the principal conceal'd, for which
you make this mighty stir? 'T is wisely done;
what would offend the eye in a good picture,
the painter casts discreetly into shades.
Proud lineage! now how little thou appear'st!
below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,
pursues thee e'en to death; nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the Grave itself
is no protection from rude sufferance.
Absurd! to think to over-reach the Grave,
and from the wreck of names to rescue our's!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,
these bold insurers of eternal fame,
supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tap'ring pyramid, the Egyptian's pride,
and wonder of the world! whose spiky top
has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
the angry shaking of the winter's storm;
yet spent at last by th' injuries of Heaven,
shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
the mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted
gives way. O lamentable sight! at once

the labour of whole ages lumbers down,
a hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
with all-subduing Time: his cank'ring hand
with calm deliberate malice wasteth them:
worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
the busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,
unsteady to the steel, gives up it's charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood;
th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
and in a cruel wantonness of power
thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
to want the rest; now, like a storm that 's spent,
lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the covert.
Vain thought! to hide them from the general scorn,
that haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
implacable. Here too the petty tyrant,
whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
and well for neighb'ring grounds of arm as short;
who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
and grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
and piteous plaintive voice of misery
(as if a slave were not a shred of nature,
of the same common substance with his lord);
now tame and humble, like a child that 's whipp'd,
shakes hands with dust & calls the worm his kinsman;
nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
precedency 's a jest; vassal and lord,
grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or other's adulation,
would cunningly persuade us we were something
above the common level of our kind;
the Grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flatt'ry,
and with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
that steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
and gives it a new pulse unknown before!
the Grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
thy roses faded and thy lilies soil'd,
what hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
methinks, I see thee with thy head low laid;
whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
the high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
riots unscar'd. For this was all they caution?
for this thy painful labours at thy glass,
t' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
for which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!
coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
and leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look, how the fair-one weeps! the conscious tears
stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:
honest effusion! the swoln heart in vain
works hard to put a gloss on it's distress.

Strength too! thou surly, and less gentle boast
of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
a fit of common sickness pulls thee down
with greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
that rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
with anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
from yonder bed it comes, where the strong man
by stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath

like a hard hunted beast. How his great heart
beats thick! his roomy chest by far to scant
to give the lungs full play! what now avail
the strong-built sinewy limbs, & well spread shoulders?
See, how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
mad with his pain! eager he catches hold
of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
O how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
and drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster!
to vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
and flee before a feeble thing like man;
that knowing well the slackness of his arm,
trusts only in the well-invented knife!

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
the star-surveying sage close to his eye
applies the sight-invigorating tube;
and trav'lling through the boundless length of space
marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
that roll with regular confusion there,
in ecstacy of thought. But ah! proud man!
great heights are hazardous to the weak head:
soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails!
and down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies! disabled now,
disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that 's gagged,
and cannot tell his ail to passers-by.

Great man of language! whence this mighty change,
this dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Tho' strong Persuasion hung upon thy lip,
and sly Insinuation's softer arts
in ambush lay about thy flowing tongue
alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and silence
rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,
the strength of action, and the force of words,
the well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
with all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!
rais'd from the book of fame: or, more provoking,
perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
with long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,
with heavy halting pace that drawl along!
enough to rouze a dead man into rage,
and warm, with red resentment, the wan cheek.
Here the great masters of the healing art,
these mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!
spite of their juleps and catholicons,
resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son,
where are thy boasted implements of art,
and all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook
escap'd thy rifling hand! from stubborn shrubs
thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
and vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,
nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave!
where are thy recipes and cordials now,

with the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.
Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!
who meanly stole, discreditable shift!
from back and belly too their proper cheer;
eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
to his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
by clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Aye! now you 've made the rich man poor indeed:
robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
the fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
first starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.
How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
to him who is at ease in his possessions!
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here
is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
but shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks
on all she 's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
and fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
she heaves is big with horror: but the foe,
like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
pursues her close through every lane of life,
nor misses once the track, but presses on;
till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,

at once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
Sure 't is a serious thing to die! my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
thy journey's end, thou hast the gulph in view!
that awful gulph no mortal e'er repass'd
to tell what 's doing on the other side!
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
and every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting!
for part they must: body and soul must part;
fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings it's way to it's Almighty Source,
the witness of it's actions, now it's judge;
that drops into the dark and noisome grave,
like a disabled pitcher of no use.
If death were nothing, and nought after death;
if when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
returning to the barren womb of nothing,
whence first they sprung; then might the debauchee,
untrembling, mouth the Heavens; then might the
reel over his full bowl, and when 't is drain'd [drunkard
fill up another to the brim, and laugh
at the poor bug-bear Death; then might the wretch
who 's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
at once give each inquietude the slip,
by stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
and by what way, whether by hemp or steel:
death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
the ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
that helps himself as timely as he can,
when able. But if there 's an *hereafter*,
and that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
and suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
then must it be an awful thing to die;

more horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame;
that makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heaven! let not upon disgust
the shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
with blood of it's own lord. Dreadful attempt!
just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
to rush into the presence of our Judge!
as if we challenge him to do his worst,
and matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of tortures
must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
the common damn'd shun their society,
and look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd! and all our days are number'd;
how long, how short, we know not: this we know,
duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission:
like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,
and wait th' appointed hour till they 're reliev'd.
Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
and keep it to the last. To run away
is but a coward's trick: to run away
from this world's ills, that at the very worst
will-soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
by boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
and plunging headlong in the dark! 't is mad:
no frenzy half so desperate as this.
Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity
to those you left behind disclose the secret?
O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
what 't is you are, and we must shortly be.
I 've heard that souls departed have sometimes

forewarn'd men of their death: 't was kindly done
to knock and give th' alarum. But what means
this stinted charity? 't is but lame kindness
that does it's work by halves. Why might you not
tell us what 't is to die? Do the strict laws
of your society forbid your speaking
upon a point so nice? I 'll ask no more;
sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
enlightens but yourselves: well—'t is no matter:
a very little time will clear up all,
and make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village swain,
and there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes round,
and who so artful as to put it by?
'T is long since death had the majority;
yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
the sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
a gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
by far his juniors! scarce a scull 's cast up,
but well he knew it's owner, and can tell
some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
the sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years;
and yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
or clubs a smuttier tale; when drunkards meet,
none sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
more willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not,
that soon some trusty brother of the trade
shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
drop off, like leaves in Autumn; yet launch out
into fantastic schemes, which the long livers

in the world's hale and undegenerate days
could scarce have leisure for; fools that we are!
never to think of Death and of ourselves
at the same time! as if to learn to die
were no concern of our's. O more than sottish!
for creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
to frolic on eternity's dread brink,
unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
the very first swoln surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
with a resistless unremitting stream,
yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
that slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
and carries off his prize. What is this world!
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
strew'd with Death's spoils, the spoils of animals
savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
and we that live must lend our carcases
to cover our own offspring: in their turns
they too must cover their's. 'T is here all meet!
the shiv'ring Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor;
men of all climes, that never met before,
and of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
his sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
the great negociators of the earth,
and celebrated masters of the balance,
deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts:
now vain their treaty-skill! Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
from his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel tyrant
with all his guards and tools of power about him,

is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes,
where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
the tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter,
ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
that some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child
of a span long, that never saw the sun,
nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch:
here is the mother with her sons and daughters;
the barren wife; the long demurring maid,
whose lonely unappropriated sweets
smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
the sober widow, and the young green virgin,
cropp'd like a rose before 't is fully blown,
or half it's worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
and jovial youth of lightsome vacant heart,
whose every day was made of melody,
hears not the voice of mirth; the shrill-tongu'd shrew,
meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
the just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
the downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
the fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;

the supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
the wrecks of nations and the spoils of time,
with all the lumber of six thousand years.
Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
when yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
he stamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd
smil'd on his last fair work! Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
that play their several parts. Nor head nor heart,
offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they should,
for all was pure within: no fell remorse,
nor anxious castings up of what might be,
alarm'd his peaceful bosom: summer seas,
shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern winds,
just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
the generous soil with a luxuriant hand
offer'd the various produce of the year
and every thing most perfect in it's kind.
Blessed, thrice blessed days! but ah, how short!
bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
but fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slipp'ry state of things! What sudden turns,
what strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
of man's sad history! to-day most happy,
and ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our sire: not long h' enjoy'd
his Paradise! scarce had the happy tenant
of the fair spot due time to prove it's sweets,
or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
ne'er to return again. And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
of erring man? Like one who is condemn'd,
fain would he trifle time with idle talk,

and parley with his fate. But 't is in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
offer'd in incence, can procure his pardon
or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel,
with flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
and drives the loit'rer forth; nor must he take
one last and farewell round. At once he lost
his glory and his God. If mortal now,
and sorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd.
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain.
Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
where the worst thing could happen, is success.
Alas! too well he sped; the good he scorn'd
stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
not to return; or if it did, it's visits
like those of angels short, and far between:
whilst the black dæmon, with his hell scap'd train,
admitted once into it's better room,
grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
lording it o'er the man, who now too late
saw the rash error which he could not mend;
an error fatal not to him alone,
but to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
and it's vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, sin!
greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
of woes of all dimensions! but for thee
sorrow had never been. All noxious things
of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,
are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from it's burning entrails
that belches molten stone and globes fo fire,

involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
and there it stops. The big swoln inundation,
of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
but that too has it's shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, sin has laid waste,
not here and there a country, but a world;
dispatching at a wide extended blow
entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
a whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
and marking all along it's way with ruin.
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
a proper name to call thee by, expressive
of all thy horrors? pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
that toads and serpents of most deadly kind
compar'd to thee are harmless. Sickness,
of every size and symptom, racking pains,
and bluest plagues are thine! See how the fiend
profusely scatters the contagion round!
while deep-mouth'd Slaughter bellowing at her heels,
wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow
shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
and inly pines till the dread blow be struck.

But hold! I 've gone too far; too much discover'd
my father's nakedness and nature's shame.
Here let me pause! and drop an honest tear,
one burst of filial duty, and condolence,
o'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,
this chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
whose every day is carnival not sated yet!
unheard-of epicure, without a fellow!
the veriest gluttons do not always cram;

some intervals of abstinence are sought
to edge the appetite; thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
and thousands that each hour thou gobbl'st up,
this, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more;
like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
on whom lank Hunger lays his skinny hand,
and whets to keenest eagerness his cravings:
as if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,
Famine and War, were not thy caterers!
But now that thou must render up the dead,
and with high interest too! they are not thine;
but only in thy keeping for a season,
till the great promis'd day of restitution;
when loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
of strong lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
and rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
day-light, and liberty.—
Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal the minds
that lay long forming under ground,
in their dark cells immur'd; and now full ripe,
and pure as silver from the crucible,
that twice has stood the torture of the fire,
and inquisition of the forge. We know,
th' illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
the Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy power
thou could'st not hold; self-vigorous he rose,
and, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
those spoils his voluntary yielding lent.
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
and shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
by proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
had not a scruple left. This having done,

he mounted up to Heaven. Methinks I see him
climb the aërial heights, and glide along
athwart the severing clouds; but the faint eye
flung backwards in the chace, soon drops it's hold,
disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
nor are his friends shut out; as some great prince
not for himself alone procures admission,
but for his train; it was his royal will,
that where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between, a gloomy path;
made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!
but nor untrod, nor tedious; the fatigue
will soon go off. Besides, there's no bye-road
to bliss. Then why like ill-condition'd children,
stare we at transient hardships in the way
which leads to purer air and softer skies,
and a ne'er setting sun? Fools that we are!
we wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
but straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
fast by the rivulet's brink, a youngster play;
how wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd,
at last, he dips his foot; but, as he dips,
his fears redouble, and he runs away
from th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
of all the flowers which paint the further bank,
and smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome Death!
that, after many a painful bleeding step,
conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
on the long-wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!
our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death disarm'd
loses it's fellness quite; all thanks to him

who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end
of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the ev'ning-tide of life,
a life well spent, whose early care it was,
his riper years should not upbraid his green:
by unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
yet like the sun seems larger at his setting!
high in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
after the prize in view! and, like a bird
that 's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away!
while the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
to let new glories in, the first fair fruits
of the last-coming harvest! Then! O then!
each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
to have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'T is done, and now he 's happy! The glad soul
has not a wish uncrown'd. E'en the lag flesh
rests too in hope of meeting once again
it's better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
when not a single spot of burial-earth,
whether on land or in the spacious sea,
but must give back it's long committed dust
inviolate: and faithfully shall these
make up the full account; not the least atom
embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
and each shall have his own. Hence ye profane!
ask not, how this can be? Sure the same power
who rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
and put them as they were. Almighty God

has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
through length of days; and what he can he will:
his faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
and every joint possess it's proper place,
with a new elegance of form unknown
to it's first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
mistake it's partner; but amidst the crowd
singling it's other half, into it's arms
shall rush, with all th' impatience of a man
that's new come home, who having long been absent,
with haste runs over every different room,
in pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.

'T is but a night, a long and moonless night,
we make the grave our bed and then are gone.
Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird
leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
then claps his well-fledg'd wings and bears away.

C. Nicholson, Poughkill.

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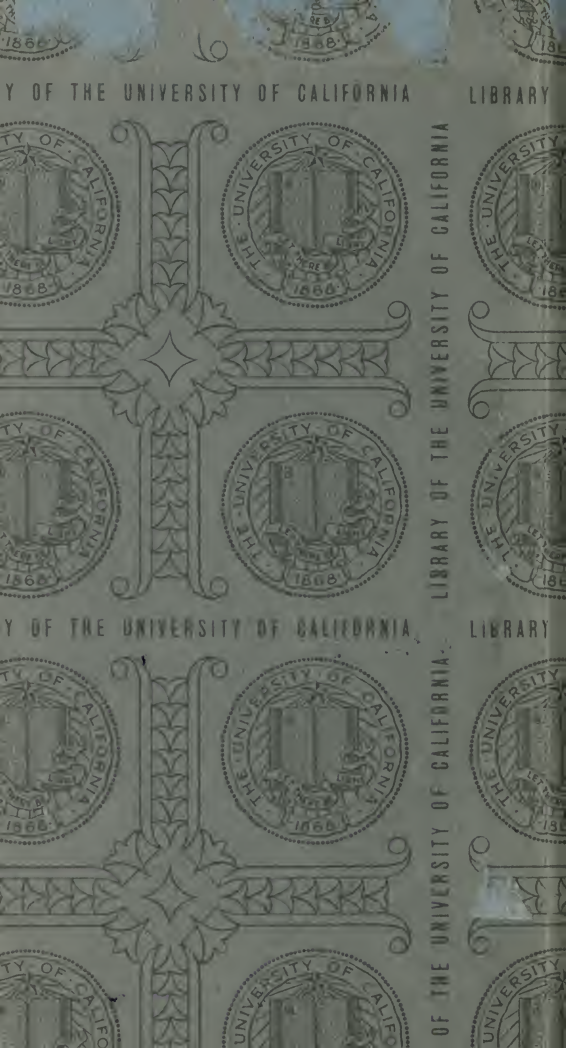

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